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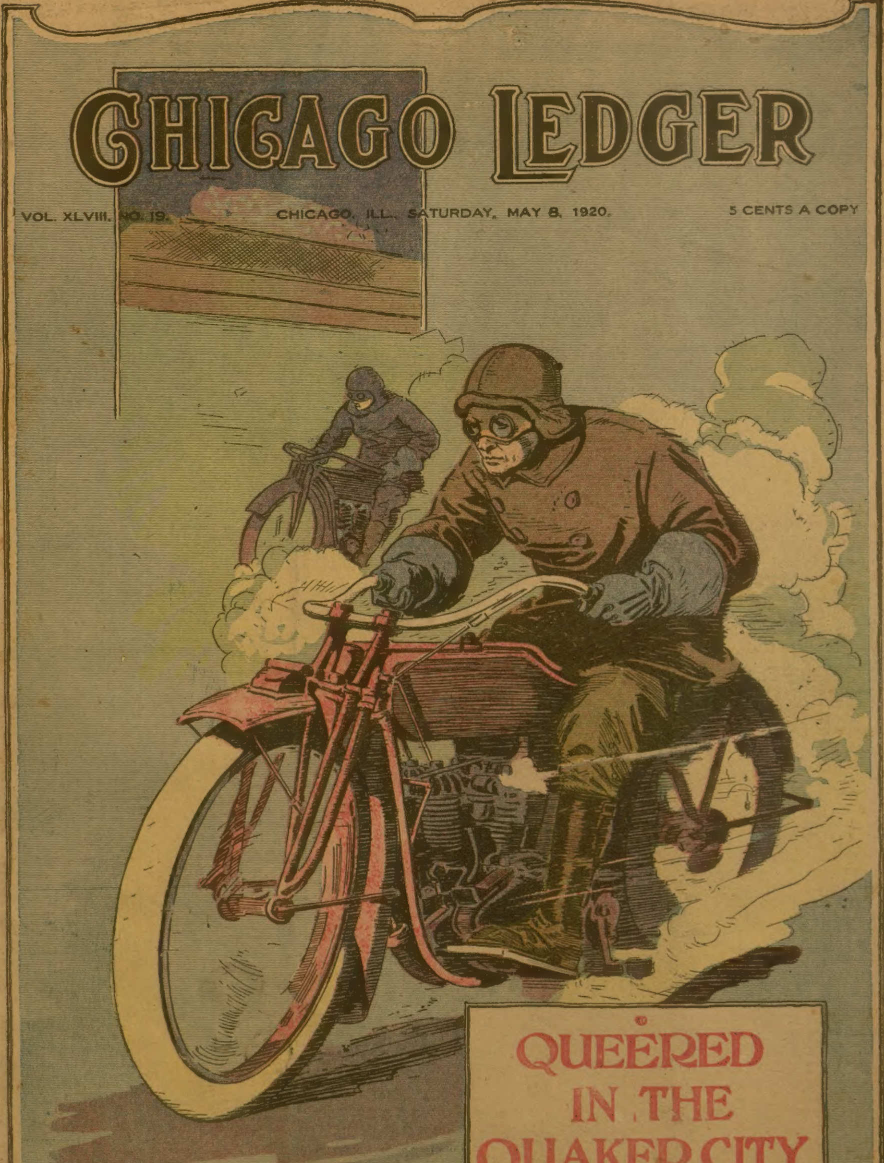

QUEERED IN THE QUAKER CITY

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

Common sense is more or less uncommon.

The closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.

Poets are born just the same as other unfortunates.

Willing workers are always trying to work somebody.

Some men get tired because they are tired of being in love.

It takes a man with a cheek of brass to boast of his heart of gold.

No woman can reform a husband by the continuous lecture process.

Silence may be golden, but you can't make an insurance agent believe it.

A woman can hold a baby in each arm easier than she can hold her tongue.

How a lucky man does enjoy pointing with pride to his superior judgment.

It's surprising how much respect a worthless man is capable of generating for himself.

A donkey knows when he has had enough—unless he belongs to the two-legged species.

Arbitration is the method employed to convince both the contending parties that they are in the wrong.

The average man has a lot of get-rich-quick ideas up his sleeve, which when going nearly always go wrong.

When a girl is interested in a young man she tries to stir him up by telling him of the other men who are interested in her.

An average girl thinks all the young men of her acquaintance wonder whether she would refuse them if they should propose.

Right of Inheritance.

A MAN was traveling in Texas when he met a certain Colonel Gore. He tried to find out how the colonel had come by his military title. It seemed that the man had not participated in the Civil War, nor had he fought the Indians or the Spaniards.

"Yet you seem," said the stranger, "too old a man to have served across the water. Perhaps you once commanded the Texas Rangers. They were brave men, and it was an honor to lead them."

"No," said Colonel Gore, gruffly. "I never had nothin' to do with the Rangers."

"Then," said the stranger, "is the title merely assumed? Have you really no right to it?"

"Of course I've got a right to it," said Colonel Gore, "the best right in the world—the right of inheritance."

"You inherited it?" said the stranger, with a dazed look. "Inherited from your father, I suppose."

"No, sir," said the colonel, "I inherited it from Col. Schuyler Montgomery. I married his widder, sir."

The Object of Fiction

WHEN we consider fiction and drama lightly, we are prone to feel that the actual time taken in the writing of it by authors is so-called "inefficient" work—work that doesn't contribute to the food and clothing and housing of the world. Quite the contrary is true, however.

Fiction is the production for the reader of artificial experiences. The farmhand on the Kansas prairie is enabled, thru a rattling sea story, almost to taste the tang of the ocean, to feel the swell of the waves. The worker in a noisy shoe factory with no more chance of escape than of marrying a royal princess of England is enabled, thru a fascinating detective story, to sally forth in the night armed to capture the most notorious criminal known. The poor shop girl, thru the stories she reads, finds her chance to revel in silks and satins, limousines and luncheons, while the rich girl, thru her magazine, gets the intensely absorbing experience of living in a garret and of solving some of the vital problems of bread and clothing without actually having to undergo most of the ordeals connected with poverty. It is this experiencing of many lives—thru the reading of fiction—that makes us more rounded in character, more deep, more understanding of the other fellow. Just as the soldier of fortune, who has in turn been adventurer, galley slave, driver of men, laborer, student in far places, and finally man of money, is usually the most interesting, fascinating person we can meet—even tho he never mentions his past experience—so do we less fortunate mortals thru living one real life and a hundred more in a shadowy, less delineated manner by copious reading, approach slightly in "roundness of character and appeal of personality" that of the soldier of fortune.

In addition to the artificial experience gained in reading, we secure also artificial acquaintanceships. We meet people with whom contact in life is highly improbable; not that there are no such persons, but that our life is so circumscribed that chances are against our ever associating with them in the flesh. Have we all not read a great, strong novel at some time in our career of which the central character remained with us for years? The Editor remembers how, when a young writer, he wrote a yarn staged in the steel mills, and how his maternal parent read it carefully. Some two years afterward, that same maternal parent was questioning Ye Editor—then just Ye Writer! —as to what had become of various of his associates in the steel mills about whom he had often, often spoken.

"And what became of Red McGonigan," she asked innocently. "And Dad Bixby—and that girl with the brown eyes that lives in some cottage near the fence—Loreen?"

"What became of 'em?" snorted Ye Editor, "Why, they're only characters in my story. They never existed!"

And it wasn't until six months afterward that the Editor awoke to the fact that he had, as a writer, been given the greatest compliment possible: His fiction characters had lived in a person's mind with such force that they had gradually taken their places alongside the memories of certain real ones.

The Editor hopes that this little talk, very brief, but withal to the point, will settle for all time the inquiries from certain carpers as to "what's the use of fiction anyway? How does it do any one any real good?"

The Editor.

Playing the Nations

By Frederick Harold Beach

DAHLBUD the proprietor, the Englishman, and the American, appeared almost simultaneously on the veranda of the Grand Hotel at Tutecorin, and squinted in the glare which was already beginning to quiver with heat.

"Good morning," was the proprietor's greeting. "Did the sahibs sleep well?"

"I slept a bit," assented the Englishman, "tho it was bally hot."

"I had a pretty good night," replied the American, a younger man. "You gave me a pretty good fan-boy; who was he?"

"Yes, young Shumari is very faithful. He served as punkah walla for both the sahibs, whose rooms adjoin."

"The lad was wide awake," agreed the Englishman, seating himself heavily at a little table and removing his helmet. "Send him around and I'll give him something."

"Shumari, you said?" asked the American.

"Son of Benassad the Blind—once Benassad the Splendid. A good boy with a hard lot, a heavy karma. He fishes all day and pulls the punkah ropes many a time all the night to feed his brothers and widowed mother."

"Widowed?" repeated Burroughs, the American. He liked the Hindu's voice, its cool, soothing quality, and knew that a mere questioning intonation would keep it going for hours.

"Benassad the Blind is now dead, Sahib—dead of English generosity."

"Huh? How's that?" Winwood, the Englishman, asked sharply, suddenly taking interest in the slowly dragging talk. Burroughs lit a cigarette and seated himself on the veranda railing. The dark-skinned Dahlbud looked off into the past and summoned words wherewith to frame his tale.

"Benassad was in his younger days a jungle guide, leading parties of the foreign born into the heart of the hunting grounds. He was—how do you say it—intrepid, fearless, sure, never failing to secure for his party fine sport and fine skins. It was he who saved Sir Graymoor from the man-eating tiger of Rangal, carrying him sixteen miles thru the night jungle to the house of the surgeon. Sir Graymoor called him brother—and Benassad loved him.

"It was the year before the famine that he made his last trip. He took a party of tourists—Americans—to hunt big game—big to them, at least; but to Benassad, small, indeed. As were all the hunters that Benassad guided, so these were very successful. For his services one of the men gave him at parting a pistol, an American pistol, beautiful to look upon—as are the pearl caskets of the jewelers in the bazaar."

"Yes, I've seen that kind of toy—in Chicago," chuckled Winwood. "Typically American!" Burroughs' lips twitched in a smile; but he offered no comment.

"Ay, a beautiful toy! A tinseled machine of murder!" went on the narrator in disdain and indignation. "For one day as Benassad was prying out a shell, the trigger fell, the cylinder exploded, and Benassad was thereafter—the Blind."

"What rotten luck!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I'll give the boy a crown."

"D——n shame!" muttered Burroughs. "But what about his dying of English generosity?" He looked casually at Winwood as he put the emphasis on "English."

"I COME to that. It was, as you say, a pity. From being king of hunters Benassad became a punka walla—toiler at ropes to fan travelers as they slept! Ah, it was pitiful to see his great, beautiful body huddled under a window, to see the muscles of his strong, scarred arms pulling on the puny ropes, to see his sadly lowered head, to know that he was hiding from you his blind white eyes!

"A punkah walla does not get much. Benassad would not beg; and the knowledge that his wife and boy were suffering want made him more unhappy. He served one night an Englishman who had heard the story of his blindness, and the Englishman in his pity gave him 20 rupees."

"That was bally decent of him," declared Winwood.

"Perhaps—in intention—but he let too many know of it. Before noon all the loungers in the market place, all the idlers along the strand, all the beggars of the town, knew that Benassad had received gold from the Englishman. And as he walked at dusk thru a narrow alley to his home, touching a familiar object here and there with his stick, he was set upon, slashed, robbed and murdered! Even in his blindness he gave a good account of himself; for near his dead body was found one of his assailants, whom he had seized and whirled about as a club, beating down his cowardly foes—cowards, in attacking even the blind; for the greater wounds were in his back!"

"This is the boy coming now, isn't it?" interrupted Winwood. The gold piece he had been fingering slipped back into his pocket, and instead he pulled out a shilling. "No one will murder him for that," he thought.

The boy came across the dry little garden and shyly mounted the steps—a beautiful brown creature, clad only in the native loin cloth.

"Here, my boy," called Winwood. "Didn't you fan for me last night?"

The boy nodded, approached with diffidence, and accepted the silver coin which the Englishman handed him.

"Thank you, Sahib," he murmured.

Winwood rose, complacent example of virtue, and moved into the hotel. The boy glanced furtively at the American; Burroughs made no move. The son of Benassad turned toward the proprietor, and looking mournfully at the shilling in his palm, he faltered:

"My mother-ver' sick. I hoped the gen'rous English—give more."

"I'm sorry, my son," the proprietor said gently. "Your mother, is she very sick?"

"It is hunger, Sahib——"

Burroughs suddenly slipped down from the railing and came toward the couple.

"Here," he said, addressing Dahlbud, "is 20 pounds—for Shumari. Give the money to him as he needs it—in amounts that will tempt no one."

"Sahib," began the boy, his eyes opening wide in wonder and joy.

"Don't—don't thank me," broke in Burroughs, as he turned away. "It's for the d——d revolver—my father makes them."

"MY BOY," remarked the proprietor, after the American had disappeared, "that was a mere coincidence, upon which we cannot always count."

"Yes," replied Shumira in the native tongue, "but I think I was pretty clever with the sick mother addition."

"Very quick, my boy. I spoiled the tale myself by trying to play both the nations at once. We must be prepared with a better story. The 20 pounds we will divide, as usual."

* * *

Janitor's Woes.

"FOR Pete's sake!" exclaimed the janitor. "I ain't no mind reader."

"What's the trouble now?" asked the sympathetic tenant. "Somebody kicking?"

"Yes, the new tenant on the fourth floor," sighed the janitor. "She ups and makes a kick to the agent and I gets an almighty calldown this morning. The agent says I got to cut it out or look for a new job."

"What have you been doing that's so wicked?" laughed the tenant.

"Well, you see, it's like this," acknowledged the janitor. "Of course, with old tenants like you it's different, but if you was to know the fool things women ask for and do you wouldn't blame me not a bit."

"I don't anyhow."

"Much obliged," laughed the janitor. "But anyway, when they send for me to come a-running because something or other leaks I don't tell 'em I got to send for the plumber because they'd think I was no good. I just stops up the hole with soap and then next time the agent says to I get hold of a plumber to do a lot of jobs at once. And when the radiators act up I don't feel I got to tell them what's the matter, specially as I likely don't know myself. So I fixes some kind of story about valves and suction and they get real satisfied. Then soon's I can I get hold of the feller that inspects boilers and I find out what's wrong and get it fixed up in no time. There's lots of things you can bluff about if you can keep your face straight while you're talking."

"You're a foxy one all right," chuckled the tenant. "We've got to look out for you."

"I said I didn't try it on old tenants," said the janitor. "It's just the new ones that you can work them gags on. You see, if they got the idea I didn't know what I was talking about it wouldn't be long I'd be holding my job."

"Sure," said the tenant. "I can see that."

"Well, sometimes a guy makes a mistake," the janitor continued. "And that's what I done. I guess I got too sure that I was sailing along all right and the jolt I got was good for me. Anyhow, the new lady on the fourth floor sent for me on account of something wrong with her radiators. I knew she'd likely been having them turned on and the windows open, and that always works the dickens with the system.

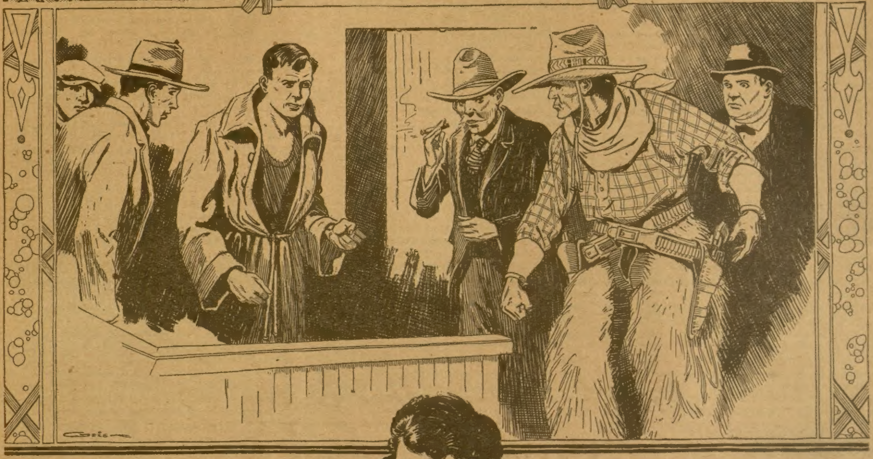
"Well, this new woman on the fourth, she just said her radiators banged and growled and she wanted me to tame 'em. She up and told me how I could stop it, too, but I ain't never heard of that way of doing and I told her they wasn't that kind of radiators. I told her you had to let the fires out and drain the pipes and a lot of other stuff, some of it so and some not. I thought maybe if I strung her along about it's being so hard maybe I'd get something out of it and maybe anyhow she'd see I knew a lot about heating."

"And it didn't work?"

"Work, nothing!" snorted the janitor. "Ain't I told you I got jumped on by the agent? That woman went down and complained to him that I didn't know my job. Seem's she's the owner and manager and boss of a firm what handles them radiators, and what she don't know about 'em ain't worth knowing. Now, what do you know about that?"

QUEERED in the QUAKER CITY

by J. C. KOFOED



Caldwell, With the Bathrobe Trailing at His Heels, Turned Sharply. "Do You Mean Me?" He Asked.

Sheehan's Hand Edged Back Toward His Holster, and a Wicked Challenge Flared Up in His Eyes. "Yes, I Mean You."

THE night train, west-bound, deposited a single passenger upon the station platform at Placer City, and slid away again thru the darkness, its tail-light winking back like an inflamed eye. The lone gentleman snorted. He was of a type that looked upon Forty-second street and Broadway as the logical center of the universe, and to him any place but the big city was worthy only of contempt.

His clothes were correctly cut, and his diamonds large. In dress and manner he spelled "ready money," but as a man he was not particularly impressive. He was pudgy, mushy. His face had the coloring of one who habitually dines too well. A roll of fat behind his ears lapped over his collar, and there were dimples where his knuckles should have been.

With a groan that was half a wheeze, Mr. Steuermann picked up his suitcase and walked across the street to the Commercial House. The clerk greeted him cordially, awed by the brilliancy of his diamonds, and several loafers eyed him enviously. Mr. Steuermann, aware of his awe and envy, grew haughty to the point of superciliousness.

"I want to see Rowdy LeBaron," he told the clerk.

That functionary grinned. "Oh, you're the promoter that's running the motor-paced races in New York and Philadelphia, ain't you? Well, I'm betting you don't take LeBaron back with you, if that's what you came for."

"For why?" Steuermann's voice was sharp with anxiety. He had traveled three-quarters of the way across the continent to engage the services of the most sensational of Western cyclists, and the knowing manner of the man behind the desk stabbed him with an uneasy pang.

The clerk rested his bony elboys on the register. "Last night, over at the Velodrome, we had a fifty-mile motor-paced race for the championship of Nevada. LeBaron and Buck Elliott of 'Frisco were the scratch men. The rest of the field were a bunch of hams, and everybody knew the race was between them, see? Well, half an hour before the start, McGee, manager of the track, got a telegram from Elliott saying that his train was wrecked t'other side of Big Injun Falls, and that he couldn't show up."

"Well, what's that got to do with LeBaron?" the New Yorker demanded. "He ought to had an easy win."

"That's where the story comes in. There was a young fellow down at the track, name of Dave Caldwell, who had been making some electrical repairs, and doing a little riding in his spare time. He offered to take Elliott's place. McGee laughed at him first, but something had to be done, so he let Caldwell ride under Elliott's name. Naturally, he figured the crowd would be tickled if Rowdy won by a mile or two over the supposed 'Frisco star."

"Old stuff," said Steuermann impatiently. "Go on."

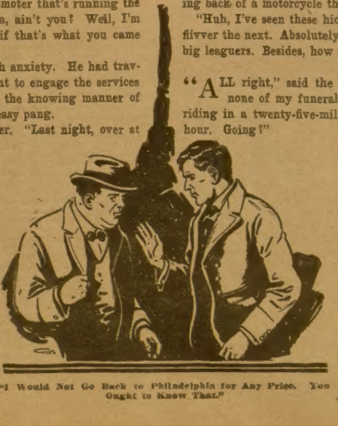
"Caldwell surprised 'em. He rode LeBaron off his feet. Gosh! I never did see such riding. He was a dozen laps ahead of our boy when Rowdy tried to kill him off by fouling, knowing the officials wouldn't disqualify him for anything short of murder. It didn't work. He lost his pacer, skidded into Dougherty. The pair of them tangled up, and they carried LeBaron off with a split head. They say that was what made him leave for the East this morning—he was so disgusted."

Steuermann released a crackling oath. He boiled with rage. A week of his time and several hundred dollars had literally been thrown to the dogs.

"It's tough," sympathized the clerk, "but maybe your time ain't wasted. Why don't you look Caldwell over? Why, he's forgotten more about pedaling back of a motorcycle than LeBaron ever knew."

"Huh, I've seen these hicks before. They ride pretty well one day and flivver the next. Absolutely they haven't the nerve for riding against real big leaguers. Besides, how do I know LeBaron didn't throw this race?"

"ALL right," said the clerk, nettled by the other's tone. "It ain't none of my funeral. But if you do want to look him over he's riding in a twenty-five-mile affair tonight. It'll start in about half an hour. Going?"



"I Would Not Go Back to Philadelphia for Any Price. You Ought to Know That."

So Mr. Steuermann of New York toddled down the main street of Placer City, his fat chin hanging on his chest. Maybe it was worth a trial. Many a star has been dug up in these little towns. Perhaps his lucky star was in the ascendant. He hoped so.

The Placer City motordrome aroused his amused condescension, for it was a wretchedly slapped-together affair of cheap lumber. "How they can make time on that thing is beyond me altogether," Steuermann thought, as he settled his soft bulk on one of the bleacher seats. "I'll bet there ain't no real racers here."

Later he admitted his mistake. Dave Caldwell, a big, broad-shouldered, splendidly-muscled chap, whose features were indistinguishable from the stand, appeared, and was given a great ovation by the spectators. He wore the typical racer's costume, short trunks, a sleeveless jersey, bicycle shoes, and a well-padded headguard. Steuermann grudgingly admitted his physical advantages, but he never credited a man with nerve or ability until it was proven beyond dispute. He waited before passing judgment.

When the race started Caldwell caught his pacer almost immediately. With the front wheel of his machine against the bar projecting from the rear of the motorcycle, his body bent at a right angle, and his legs drumming like fury, he sped away.

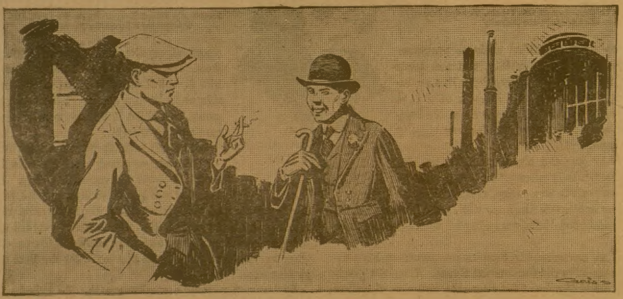
It seemed to Steuermann that he was using every ounce of power in his great body, and he shook his head disapprovingly. "It's too soon for that sort of thing," he said to nobody in particular. "He can't keep that up for twenty-five miles."

But, as mile after mile sped away under those flying wheels and Caldwell lapped his competitors again and again, Steuermann's amazement grew. When Dave went into the twentieth mile leading by eight full laps, the promoter descended from the stand, and presented himself at the riders' gate. The name of Steuermann was a pass to any track in the country, so in a moment more he found himself waiting at the finish line, with the officials, one or two out-of-town newspaper men, and a lanky, lantern-jawed fellow in a blue silk shirt and Angora chaps.

Caldwell was coming down the stretch in a burst of speed that brought the spectators to their feet with shrill yells of appreciation. Even the promoter, used as he was to every angle of the racing game, found himself swept into the vortex of enthusiasm. He clapped his fat hands and shouted himself hoarse.

When the race was over Caldwell leaped from his wheel and trotted toward the dressing-room, breathing placidly and without effort after his tremendous exertions. A good six foot he stood, with muscles that crawled and leaped under his skin like living things. His strength could not be less than enormous, yet there was nothing bulky or knotty about him. Big as were the muscles, they were smooth and pliable as the panther's. Under his tangled yellow curls was a face, handsome in its way, but personifying strength as vividly as the body. The nose was aquiline, the chin broad, the eyes steel gray and flashing.

"What a man!" exclaimed Steuermann under his breath, for a moment regretting his own jelly-like physique. Then, as Caldwell's face turned toward him under the sparkly arcs, he drew in his breath with a wheezy gasp. "It's him!" he muttered, "and to think of me finding him 'way out here. If you don't make something out of this, Max, old boy, you're slower than I thought!"



The Other Man Laughed, Showing His Strong White Teeth. "Just Like Me to Forget to Introduce Myself," He Said. "My Name Is Stannard—Jack Stannard."

CHAPTER II.

THE PROD

STEUERMANN had been so busy watching Caldwell that he had not given the bow-legged cow-puncher in the blue shirt a second glance. If he had not done so the other men at the finish line had, for the bow-legged one was "Bad Bill" Sheehan, a notorious gun-bully, known widely and evilly from Las Vegas to Carson City. Sheehan dressed the part in a sombrero, heavy with a band of colored beads, silky Angora chaps, and immense spurs, with a two-inch rowel. Around his waist was a cartridge belt, with a holster on each hip that sheltered two 45-caliber revolvers. But if his make-up smacked of the stage, his face typified the outlaw. Cruel, lean, hawk-like, it was as ruthless a visage as Placer City had ever seen.

The promoter drew a long breath. "A great rider!" he said. "Maybe he ain't the equal of Carstairs yet, but he will be with a little experience."

Sheehan sneered. "A real rider has got to be game, and Caldwell ain't. He's got a canary streak as wide as the Great Salt Lake. I'll say this: He beat LeBaron, but Rowdy's got him skinned for nerve." His voice was intentionally loud. All of them about the finish line heard it, but none of them answered. Sheehan had the reputation as a "killer," and that reputation choked them.

Caldwell was almost abreast of the little group, his face and arms glistening with sweat. It was impossible for him not to have heard the gun-bully's words. He did not answer, tho ridges etched themselves on his cheeks from the flanges of his nostrils to his lips. Steuermann felt a sudden qualm. Despite what he knew of the big fellow, he wondered if he lacked nerve in its last essential. Was he afraid to answer Sheehan's insult?

"I made some remarks just now," said Bad Bill loudly, "calculated to make anybody but a greaser stand up and resent 'em. The guy they was addressed to didn't answer. Ain't it logical to believe that he didn't have the backbone——?"

Caldwell, with the bathrobe trailing at his heels, turned sharply. "Do you mean me?" he asked.

Sheehan's hand edged back toward his holster, and a wicked challenge flared up in his eyes. "Yes, I mean you."

They say a fer-de-lance can move quicker than any living thing, but even that famous reptile could have taken a few pointers from Dave Caldwell on getting a quick start. Sheehan's hand was within six inches of his hip, but before he could touch a gun the rider's big hands shot out and gripped both wrists.

Bad Bill struggled and writhed like a naughty boy in a teacher's grasp. He was conscious of the ridiculousness of his attitude, and his seamed, bronzed features grew purple with helpless rage. And with each moment those terrible fingers tightened their pressure until the gun-bully howled.

Caldwell looked at him, smiling contemptuously. "So you're a bad man, eh? Go play with the children, Sheehan. You're not bad enough to frighten men." With a flirt of his wrists he sent the tough staggering against the track railing. Then, turning his back indifferently, he walked away.

It was a daring thing to do, for Sheehan was blind with rage and of murderous instincts, if his record was to be believed. But it was Caldwell's coolness that saved him. The lantern-jawed gun-fighter, for the first time in his career, learned what fear was, and his hand dropped to his side.

STEUERMANN drew a long breath of relief when Dave disappeared into the dressing-room, and a little color came back to his pasty cheeks. He was flabby in courage as well as body, and this clash of primal impulses unnerved him. Besides, Caldwell had proved he was game; had proved it so clearly and forcibly that even the promoter was satisfied.

There was a horse-faced youth on guard before the door of Caldwell's room when Max Steuermann reached it. He curtly bade the fat man to be "on his way," but the rustle of a bill against his palm warned him that he was making a mistake.

"You tell Dave that a man wants to see him on important business," whispered Max, "and if I get to see him you'll get another dollar. What do you say?"

"Nothing could be fairer than that," the horse-faced youth agreed. "You wait here a minit, and I'll get 'm."

In a few moments Caldwell, clothed in the immaculate manner that Placer City regarded with awe, appeared. It was dark in the runway, and at first he did not see Steuermann. When he did, Max heard his even, white teeth click together, and saw the color in his tanned cheeks fade.

"You!" Caldwell said in a low voice.

The promoter rubbed his hands. "Yes, Kelvin, it's me."

"What do you want?"

"Do you think maybe I am in this cheap town for my health?" grinned Steuermann. "I heard about Rowdy LeBaron and I came out to sign him to a contract. Since I saw you I don't want him at all. What is the rock-bottom salary you will take to go back to Philadelphia and ride at the motordrome for me?"

"I would not go back to Philadelphia at any price. You ought to know that."

"Don't say it so quick, Mr. Kelvin——"

"My name here is Caldwell," said Dave, his mouth hardening.

"Very well, Mr. Caldwell," Steuermann emphasized. "Let me tell you a couple of things you know, and maybe some you don't. The whole town knows you confessed to stealing $10,000 from the Quaker City Engineering Company, of which my father was the big noise. There ain't nobody but me knows that you never touched a penny of that money!"

Kelvin drew a deep, quiet breath, and his bony, well-kept hands lumped into fists.

"Exactly what do you know?" he asked.

"I know this: It was John Stannard, not you, who got the money. Because you happened to be in love with his sister you took the blame, and beat it when my father gave you the chance——"

"Marion was sick at the time. It would have killed her to know the truth."

"So you made a fine, story-book sacrifice for a fellow you never even saw. Don't think I'm laughing. I have an admiration for a chap with nerve enough to do a thing like that. That's one reason why I want you to come back to Philadelphia and ride for me."

"It's impossible, I tell you," said Kelvin dully.

Steuermann's red face took on a darker tint. He was used to having his own way, and it angered him to be balked, even in trifles. "I will guarantee you out of my own pocket $5,000 for the season."

"There is no use arguing, I won't go."

"Yes, by Jove, you will," growled the promoter, "and I'll tell you why. If you don't come I will publish it in every paper in Philadelphia that Jack Stannard is a thief. Maybe that will hurt his sister, hey? And I won't say nothing about you, so your skirts won't be cleared any."

For a moment the promoter was frightened at his own audacity in threatening the big man before him. Unconsciously he winced back a step, and then he understood that Kelvin would not use physical force. But the look of utter contempt on Dave's face burned thru even Steuermann's thick skin. He felt like a mangy cur abusing a chained mastiff.

With a sigh, Kelvin turned back to his dressing-room. "All right," he said, "I'll go."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE QUAKER CITY.

THE old familiar scenes of Philadelphia brought a flood of memories to Kelvin—memories sweet and bitter, of college days at the university, of his brief connection with the Quaker City Engineering Company that ended so ignominiously, of Marion Stannard, whom he had loved so ardently and for whom he had sacrificed so much.

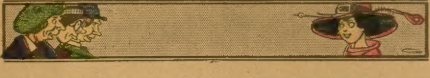
Lying face downward on his rather ornate bed in the Bellevue-Stratford, Dave thought of the past, and rather bitterly, too, of the present. He had not wanted to stop at this—the most pretentious hostelry in the city—but Steuermann, eager for advertising, had insisted, and he yielded without an argument. It was here that he first met Marion at a dinner-dance, and it was here that he had often brought her for an after-the-theater supper. So the thought association was painful.

The memory of those gay times evoked a vision of the girl herself, as he had so often seen her. Her slender, but deliciously-rounded body was hidden in a

(Continued on Page 15.)

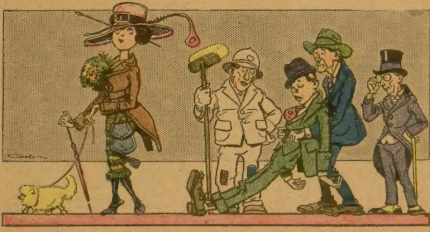
The Greatest Art of All

BY HOWARD PHILIP RHOADES



IT DEVELOPED—the contest between these three men for this beautiful girl—in the most romantic style possible. Oglethorpe Oyler, a young painter, was from her home. It was some time after she had come to live in the Only Town that he introduced her to Noble Penn, a writer, whom they met at the art gallery. Tappington Keys, the musician, she met at a cabaret where he was drudging over the airs of other composers, who had arrived. All three were deeply in love with Sylvia. Each had come to hope to win her thru her love of art, feeling that she would accept him who achieved the greatest success in his particular branch.

"Oh!" she had cried successively to each, upon learing of his vocation. "How I love culture! How I love art!" And the artist's love of the perfect, the beautiful, had stirred in each the most violent love. But there was not a caveman in the crowd. Each was decidedly within the law and willing to let the lady do her own choosing. Furthermore, they borrowed each other's cigarettes and drank beer from the same pitcher, with the artist's great peace with the world and belief in the doctrine of what will be will.



As She Passed Along the Avenue She Knocked the Spectators Cold.

Sylvia, she assured them, had come to the Only Town because it was the center of art. She had employment with a wholesale clothing house, and, with some income in her own right and a chance to buy at "a price," dressed stunningly. In some of his plays that greatest dramatist who, doubtless, was only saved from turning out twenty-chapter two-reel serials by the slight lapse of three hundred years, wrote a song about Sylvia. The swains adored her, it seems, for some such triviality as being, holy, fair and wise.

But Sylvia, adored of the three disciples of art, was loved because, as she passed along the avenue, she knocked the spectators cold. Her skin was soft and smooth, her hands white and tapering, her hair brown and wavy, her eyes dancing blue. In figure she was a flower, breathing perfume into the gentle winds and smiling up at the sky with a pansy's demureness, mingled with the languor and seduction of the red poppy.

With all this she lured the world. But it was when she put her hungry soul into that soft, appealing sentiment, "Oh, I love art! I love culture!" that the three lovers individually clinched their fists and planned a house-cleaning in the Hall of Fame.

Oglethorpe Oyler was the son of a soap manufacturer who had given evidence of surpassing talent in the third grade, when he drew a picture of his father's factory so vivid that the teacher—who lived near it—said one could almost smell the place. Later he drew pretty clovers on dishes, and, finally, at 22, heard the call of serious art and began work on canvas. In the Only Town he had allied himself with the Super-Abnormalists, who paint things as they think they have been told that others see them. And in his garret—they had none in the house, but he had them build one, so he could work properly—he was now painting his masterpiece. Sylvia surely would appreciate this picture. Sylvia surely would marry him, for she loved culture!

Noble Penn, the writer, at the age of 20 had won a prize of $3 from the Magnificent Monthly (price 25 cents a year) for writing about the most unusual dream. This success, based upon the insufficient mastication of mince pie, inspired him to purchase a windsor tie and write a novel. When three novels failed, he went into short stories and poems, landing finally with the religious press. Newspaper experience, and lots more writing, enabled him to puncture the editorial armor plate, at intervals, and now he was working out his great idea, the story he fondly believed would put him over with Sylvia.

As to the career of Tappington Keys, he had been one of that great class of child prodigies which contributes so freely to our clerks and chauffeurs. At 5 he played "Chopsticks," not usually attained by a child until twice that age. At 15 he was a member of the school band, and soon after his majority made a tour with a medicine show which furnished him with the price to go to the Only Town. There he had decided to drive Irving Berlin to the bar, across it if need be, and to enthrone himself King of Melody. He had no illusions about the psychology of Wagner, or of the technique of Chopin. He was writing real American music, the sort the colored folks brought over from Africa. His "song of songs" was nearing completion—the song to take him into the heart of Sylvia. Sylvia loved culture—and especially music!

It was no secret among the men that each was engaged in a work inspired by Sylvia, and by which he hoped to win her hand. They talked it over after each had spoken to Sylvia of his hopes. At last, one night when the four dined together, they all talked it over. Then Oglethorpe Oyler was inspired, and said: "We're all hurrying too fast. You can't hurry art. Why don't we have an understanding that our work must all be shown Sylvia at the same time. The first one finished waits on the last. Then, when we're all ready, we'll show it to her the same night."

This suggestion met immediate and complete approval with all, including Sylvia. "I'll get the use of the upper parlor that night," she said. "It will be great! Oh, how I do love culture!"

Each of the men managed to put in a few hours of the following weeks alone with Sylvia. Oyler took her to the art museum. "Isn't Rodin exquisite?" he praised. "Wonderful, I love him," she agreed. "Say, how do I look? I have a feeling this hat isn't on right. Yes, he's wonderful, just wonderful!"

With Mr. Penn she sometimes went to the library, where he was fond of delving into books of all sorts. One day he showed her a book from the French fiction alcove, and recommended: "You should read this. It's a great novel by Daudet, called 'Jack.' "

"Jack!" she cried. "Oh, I wanted to tell you, I met a fellow by that name last night at the little cabaret. And they say he has a motor car for every shade of necktie!"

TAPPINGTON KEYS she saw mostly at the cafe where he worked, for she liked the place. It was gayer than the museum or the library. The gladdest time for Keys was when another musician relieved him and he went gliding across the glassy floor with Sylvia. Yet, perhaps, more joyful still were the moments when they sat at a table and over a glass of sweet wine he told her of his song of songs. "It is light and joyous," one night he explained. "But in it I have tried to express——"

"Look, Tappy," she interrupted, "who is that dark, fine-looking man over there. Hasn't he class?"

Oyler's painting was nearing completion. Noble Penn had sold his story and was waiting for it to appear. Tappington Keys had a copyright on his song and an understanding with a publisher. The great day of the battle of the arts was drawing nigh. This the three men told to Sylvia one night as the four sat in their favorite restaurant, and Sylvia fairly was beside herself with enthusiasm. "Oh, I love you all," she cried. "And that night I shall tell whom I will marry!"

Sylvia, as she promised, had secured the use of the upper parlor. There, upon arrangement with her, Oyler went during the chosen day and fixed an easel so that an electric light played over it at just the right angle. Early in the afternoon Tappington Keys was at the house with a piano tuner, priming the instrument, so that it would be in perfect condition. Most of the day Noble Penn sat in his room reading aloud his story, which had just been published. He had beside him, mounted, framed, and glassed in, the check for the story, to avoid spending which he had drawn his belt many notches tighter.

Sylvia met them in the lower parlor at 8. Each was groomed according to his light, and each was smiling as they have to do on the stage or lose their parts. Each, as he climbed the steps, pictured them the golden steps to success. Each already felt his patron muse handing him love, blessed reward.

There seemed no fairer way to decide who was first to exhibit his masterpiece than to toss up a coin. Miss Liberty on a nickel—his last—favored Oyler. With trembling he squared off to remove the cloth from his darling picture. After a few remarks in which he sketched the ideals and ethics of painting Oyler drew away the cloth.

Vague hums of appreciation from his rivals, and from Sylvia a rhapsodized little scream. "Oh, I love it! I love it!" she cried. "Isn't it clever! The bridge is so realistic!"

"No, Sylvia," corrected Oyler. "That is not a bridge. It is a field of daisies. The name of the picture is 'Three Ladies Who Went Down to Sea.' "

"To see what?" asked Sylvia.

"Well, just to sea—S-e-a—see? Those gamboge and mauve things are their bathing suits."

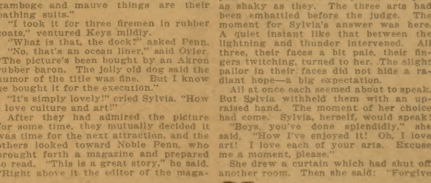
"I took it for three firemen in rubber coats," ventured Keys mildly.

"What is that, the dock?" asked Penn.

"No, that's an ocean liner," said Oyler. "The picture's been bought by an Akron rubber baron. The jolly old dog said the humor of the title was fine. But I know he bought it for the execution."

"It's simply lovely!" cried Sylvia. "How I love culture and art!"

After they had admired the picture for some time, they mutually decided it was time for the next attraction, and the others looked toward Noble Penn, who brought forth a magazine and prepared to read. "This is a great story," he said. "Right above it the editor of the magazine says so. He declares me to be the coming successor of O. Henry, and paid me this check for $300, which my general prosperity has enabled me to keep and show as part of my exhibit."



"The Name of the Picture Is, 'Three Ladies Who Went Down to Sea.'"

After they had looked at the check, flat outspread back of a quarter of an inch of glass, Penn started to read.

When he had gone a little way he paused and commented: "You will notice, from the first line, the great desire of my heroine, Mary Marmylaid, a poor working girl, for the one hundred dollar chafing dish she sees daily in this store she passes. Everything centers on her getting it. Then I introduce Vandyke Vanderdough, her wealthy employer——"

"But it would be more natural to have her long for better clothing," interposed Keys.

"Trite!" snorted Penn. "They all do that. This story is different. Mary in her hall room, where she is forced to cook over a gas jet, longs for the glistening chafing dish." He read again eagerly. "You see all this time Vandyke Vanderdough keeps warming up to Mary, more and more, and she keeps hating the gas jet more and more, and keeps wanting the chafing dish more and more. Note how she has just weakened and confessed to her employer her great desire."

HE READ again, gradually approaching the climax. Finally, he reached the big scene between Mary and her employer, where Vanderdough says he will give her anything—and Mary, broken and crying, sobs, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Vanderdough, I'm sorry I led you on. I might listen, but I don't need the chafing dish any longer. I've moved into a flat with a kitchenette!"

"How's that for a new twist?" he cried. "What do you think of that for a real piece of modern fiction. Can't you see how admirably the title, 'A Soul in the Market,' fits?"

Everybody had to take the magazine, examine the story and the illustrations, and to look again at the framed check. After a proper time Tappington Keys said: "Well, I guess it's up to me."

They seated themselves and waited as Keys approached the piano. He represented music, which had a great appeal to Sylvia. Both Penn and Oyler felt nervous and wondered if Sylvia really did love this gay concocter of melodies better than them.

Tappington Keys held up the music, together with an artist's draft of the cover which was to adorn it. Thereupon was seen an American dreadnaught doing away with a selected field of German, Japanese and Mexican boats, under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty.

The song was called "Don't Monkey With Sam, He Has a Long Sharp Toe," and it contained excerpts from all the leading American patriotic airs, cleverly woven into its own. Mr. Keys proceeded to sing the song, accompanying himself upon the piano. At the end of the first verse and chorus there was a burst of applause. He had to go thru all three verses and repeat several times the chorus with its thunderous end: "You will find you will pay, if you get smart and try to play, with Uncle Sam and the U. S. A."

There was applause, and more applause, the latter part of it merging into a nervous outburst from Oyler and Penn. Keys, just about to leave the piano, was just as shaky as they. The three arts had been embattled before the judge. The moment for Sylvia's answer was here. A quiet instant like that between the lightning and thunder intervened. All three, their faces a bit pale, their fingers twitching, turned to her. The slight pallor in their faces did not hide a radiant hope—a big expectation.

All at once each seemed about to speak. But Sylvia withheld them with an upraised hand. The moment of her choice had come. Sylvia, herself, would speak!

"Boys, you've done splendidly," she said. "How I've enjoyed it! Oh, I love art! I love each of your arts. Excuse me a moment, please."

She drew a curtain which had shut off another room. Then she said: "Forgive an eavesdropper, but one so rarely has opportunity to hear original art interpreted by its author. And we do love art, don't we, dear?"

"Dear" was a portly red-faced man.

"August G. Schlingelbauer, my fiance, and founder of Schlingelbauer's Famous Pork-Link Sausages," said Sylvia.

"Bleased to meet such notable artists," said Mr. Schlingelbauer, extending his pudgy hands. "I am batron of the arts. Two newspapers I own, one steamship line, three traction systems, a number of railroads and eight—yes, it's eight, now—panks. All from Art; from Schlingelbauer's Pork-Link Sausages. Very, very glad to meed you, indeed."

Both he and Sylvia shook hands with the three artists when they departed, a little later, and Sylvia babbled: "We'll be up the Drive, boys. But that won't prevent your coming often. Oh, I do love culture! I do love art!"

As they went down the front steps there was a tinkling noise and Keys asked: "Is art really smashed?"

"Only badly warped," said Penn. "That was the glass of this d——n check. Come on, I'll buy—many, many times!"

The High Graders

By Ralph Cummins

Here Is the First Installment

USUALLY when a man gets back from war there is a job and at least one pair of open arms waiting for him. But when

JACK POLLAIN returned from Over There wearing the chevrons of a sergeant and a gold wound stripe, everybody was apparently out to down him. He was perplexed not to find his old job superintending the stamp mill of the Cavanal Mine at Hager City open to him. The manager,

JOE FRANE, had only flimsy reasons for the change, altho it was true that returns from the Cavanal had fallen off 50 per cent during the past six months. Some thought this due to the neglect of the owner,

OLD LEW RUNDLE, who seldom came to do any personal supervision.

"JERKY" SNART, whom Jack Pollain had always known as a shiftless squatter, suddenly offered Jack $300 a month to take charge of an old mill at Tule Springs, in which

CLAYTON GRIST, a promoter, was also "interested." The Cavanal Company had sold Jack's cattle because he had neglected to pay for their pasturage, and it was Clayton Grist who bought them and generously sold them back to Pollain for a small sum. He also urged Jack to accept Snart's offer. While out riding one day, the returned soldier met a girl on horseback and recognized her as

DORA LAMONT, whom it was rumored had followed Grist to Hager City and was continually seen with him. Later, when Jack saw her talking to Snart she appeared uneasy and hurriedly rode on.

Now Read What Happened Last Week

Pollain agreed to work for Snart and began at once. The evening of his first day at the Snart mill he rode over to Hager City and there made a discovery. The girl he had met on horseback was not Dora Lamont, of whom he had heard the unsavory rumors, as to her relations with Grist. She was called

KATE BOARDMAN and had come from Oregon only a short time ago.

JIM BAILOR, who ran the Cavanal Hotel, said that she had only been in Hager City two weeks and was rooming at the Wyatts' "up the creek." Pollain caught a glimpse of the real Dora Lamont, a thin, hard-eyed, sinuous woman who could not conceal her jealousy of Miss Boardman. Pollain was relieved to learn the truth, but was still displeased to note that Kate Boardman was friendly with the sensual-faced Grist, altho not seemingly intimate, as he had at first supposed. When Grist introduced her to Pollain she evinced none of the friendliness she had shown at their first meeting, but returned his nod coldly.

One day she rode up to the Snart mill and begged to be taken thru it. Snart consented, but displayed some reluctance when the girl asked Jack to accompany them. Pollain joined them partly because he wanted to be with Kate and was curious to see the tunnel, but chiefly because he wanted to learn why she had brought to Snart a bill of material, which, she said, was to be delivered the next day. Pollain happened to know the last load was already at the mill! He also wondered why she should do this errand for Grist.

Afterwards, exploring on his own account, Jack Pollain found that the Snart mine extended to one of the levels of the Cavanal mine. This meant that he had hired out to a gang of high graders! While he was groping about in the tunnel, he met an old miner who confided that he, too, had unearthed the secret and was hunting for the high grade that had been already stolen from the Cavanal. He offered to split with Jack if he would help in the search. Jack refused.

This story started in No. 17, the Ledger for April 24. Back copies may be obtained thru this office, from our agents or newsdealers.

And Here Are the Final Chapters

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY next morning Snart came into the mill, his twitching hands jerking aimlessly.

"Say, Jack, can you make a little run today? I've got a bunch of rock that's in the way bad."

Pollain decided that he could make temporary arrangements to start the mill, and Snart went out to have the ore wheeled to the chute. Shortly the first load rumbled down the chute and rattled into the bin above the stamps.

Pollain turned the water over the wheel and kicked out the gate above the automatic feeding device which he had installed. The eight hundred pound stamps crashed upon the rock. The muddy silt overflowed thru the screened sides of the battery and washed down over the quicksilver-coated copper plates.

Snart came in and peered at the plates, his head cocked on one side, listening to the sloshing thump of the stamps. His heavy face lighted with satisfaction as he watched the white island of amalgam growing upon the plate under the battery. He did not go away, but lounged about the noisy mill until the bin was empty. Then he produced a gold pan and held it while Pollain dug the amalgam out of the battery and scraped it off the plates. Even Snart appeared staggered at the size of the cleanup lump.

Early that evening Pollain rode into Hager City. At the postoffice he met Jim Bailor, and walked with him back to the hotel porch. Jack sensed an unusual quietness about the old man, but as they passed the battered front of the vacant Empire saloon, Bailor said:

"I don't know what your game is, Jack, but I've allus figured that you was square. But even if it's as some folks is hintin', an' you've gone an' mixed in with a certain shady bunch, I'm bankin' that you're man enough to help a girl out. It's that Boardman girl. Somebody like you ought to get her away from Grist. She's too good for his kind, an' besides, she's apt to get a knife in her back 'most any time. That Lamont girl is murderin' jealous."

"You haven't learned any more about her?" queried Pollain.

"No." Bailor shook his head, with a worried frown. "She's left Wyatt's an' moved down to my place. I'm kinda glad in a way 'cause now I can keep an eye on her. Sometimes, tho, when I look at her, I almost kick myself for thinkin' that I'd be afraid of any man gettin' th' best of her. She may be kinda deep herself—I know she carries a little automatic, an' I don't doubt she knows how to use it. Th' only real danger, I guess, is that Grist has her fooled."

As they passed the Klamath ice cream parlor they met Kate and Grist coming out. The girl nodded to Pollain, but the big man was so engrossed in his companion that he saw nothing else.

"They're gettin' too thick," declared Bailor. "It looks like that girl was just throwin' herself at that ol' snake. An' it means trouble, too. Look there!"

Pollain followed the indicating nod and saw a dark form slipping thru the shadows of the opposite buildings.

"It's Dora Lamont—she trails 'em all around. Grist don't take her very serious, tho—I've heard him laugh at her like a man would at a kid. But I'd sure go easy if I was him."

POLLAIN lounged about the hotel office for a time yarning with a party of old timers. He was rising to start back to camp when Kate and the promoter came in from the porch. They passed up the stairs together, but as they swung round the landing, Pollain caught a look from the girl that made his heart race. It was a smile—and something more—something that he could not understand—something that moved him as no girl's glance ever had done before.

He never remembered the ride back to the mine that night, and he was still in a daze when he rolled into his bunk.

He may have dozed, but he may only have been thinking mistily of Kate, when he was startled into wakefulness by a sound in the mill. He slipped from his bunk, fumbled up a candle and matches and softly opened his door.

As he passed into the mill he heard retreating footsteps, then the little door under the ore bin closed with a creak. Before he could take another step a sharp exclamation came to him, then a scuffle and a muffled scream. He sprang thru the little door.

By the faint starlight he could see only a jumble of struggling figures. Without waiting to strike a light he leaped forward, gripped an upturned arm and jerked. There was another scream, and something jangled upon the stones. A part of the swaying human mass tore away and disappeared around the mill.

Pollain flashed the light of a match upon the woman he held in his arms. It was Kate. For a moment she stared at the light, her eyes wide with horror.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "She had—a knife—she meant to kill me!"

Impulsively Pollain drew her closer to him. As if his sympathetic action moved her, the girl swayed toward him. The next instant her head was against his shoulder and she was sobbing hysterically.

Somewhat uncomfortable, but quivery with elation, he tried to soothe the girl. All at once he knew that no matter who or what she was, this mysterious girl meant destiny to him.

With his next flash of thought he knew that he must save her from Grist and the high grade gang.

"It's all right," he murmured, a little brokenly. "It's all right. Here—why don't you break away from all this? I—I'd like to help you. I have a sister living out on the coast—Trinidad. Let me take you out there."

KATE sighed, and very slowly drew herself from his arms. Then she laughed with a fluttery ripple.

"What a silly I am. Don't mind me, please. I—I'm not used to fighting tigers."

"It was Dora Lamont, wasn't it?"

"Yes—I should have watched her closer—but Mr. Grist laughed at her jealousy. I'm sorry for her."

"But—Kate—haven't you heard—don't you know that Grist—I don't know how to say it, but I wish you'd break away from Grist. He's not your sort."

He felt her press against him again with an impulsive abandon. Then she drew away and laughed softly.

"You're not jealous, are you?" she whispered. Then she sobered. "Won't you throw up this job and go away? It's all a frame-up on you—it was all a plan to get you sore at Rundle so you'd fix up this mill. Next thing they'll make you one of them—or you'll get into worse trouble. I know you wouldn't steal—even from Rundle!"

"How about you?" He wanted to take her in his arms again. "You seem to be the one that's in danger. Come—let me take care of you—let's beat it—together!"

For an instant he thought she was going to accept, then she drew back with a shiver.

"Won't you light a candle?" she asked.

He lit the candle and stuck it in the melted wax upon a beam.

"Wait till I get my hat and shoes and I'll go back with you."

She threw out her hand to stop him, but Pollain hurried back to his room. When he returned a few minutes later Kate was gone. His foot sent a vicious claspknife clattering down the path.

He peered down the trail and listened. There was no sound. He ran out across the clearing and a short distance up the ridge trail. No rattle of horse's hoofs came down to him. Filled with alarm, wondering at the cause of Kate's visit, he walked slowly back to his room.

"Talk about nerve!" he muttered. "She sure has loads of it—starting back to town alone knowing that crazy Lamont girl is laying for her. But that settles it!" He sat upon his bunk. "Now I am going to get her out of here!"

He spent much of the night planning a wonderful scheme to save Kate. And in the morning the first thing he saw upon entering the mill was a piece of white paper upon the amalgamating table. Upon it was written:

> You are in danger! Won't you please go away for a few days?

He did not wonder long over the authorship of that note. Only Kate Boardman could have written it. And she was just going out after leaving it when Dora Lamont had attacked her. His heart jumped at the thought. She feared that he was about to join the high graders and she wanted to save him from the certain consequences of that association. Well, he would meet her more than half way. Sure, he'd go—but she would go with him!

AT ONCE he turned his whole energy toward planning the greatest adventure of his life. Unnoticed by Snart he got together a light camp outfit and a small quantity of travel rations. He cached the bundle under his bunk.

He intended to ride into Hager City in the evening to make some sort of an appointment with Kate, but chance saved him the trip. Early in the afternoon Kate and Grist rode into the clearing and halted at the mill. The promoter was looking for Snart. He appeared reluctant to leave Kate behind while he hunted for the miner, but finally he did so and climbed toward the tunnel.

"I'm going to take a day off tomorrow," announced Pollain with the direct purpose of forwarding his plan. "How would you like to ride up to Crapo Meadows?"

"That would be fine!" The girl's eyes shone. "If—if I can get away! Oh, I'd like to go—and take lunch and stay all day!"

"Well, let's do it! Sure, you can get away—and stay all day." His eyes twinkled as he thought of the bundle hidden under the bunk. "We'll start early. Now, I'm furnishing the horses this time. Tell Jim Bailor that I said you were to take my little bay. I'll meet you at the Wilder Creek ford. Know where it is—just below the hydraulic mine?"

"Yes, I know. What time?"

"Will 6 be too early?"

"Too early? I'd rather start at 4."

"Fine! Make it 4 then."

The appearance of Grist and Snart put an end to their planning. Evidently the promoter's business with Snart was finished, for he mounted at once and dug his heels into his horse's sides. Kate threw a thrill-inspiring smile over her shoulder as she rode away.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT WAS not yet daylight when Pollain saddled his horse and tied his bulky roll behind the saddle. There was no one stirring, but as he rode away from the clearing he had a vague impression that he was being watched. He halted and listened, but heard nothing suspicious. Later, however, as he crossed the ridge he was quite sure that he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him.

Day was just breaking when Pollain reached the ford. Kate was already there.

"Oh, this is going to be grand!" she cried. She mounted with easy grace and adjusted a blunt holster which hung from a filled cartridge belt. "We mustn't get lost," she warned Pollain. "I have a most important engagement tonight."

He did not reply, but he grinned with malicious satisfaction at the thought that she would keep no engagement with Grist that night. They started up the winding trail toward the Crapo Ridge.

As they crossed a point the first glints of the morning sun touched them. Glancing back, Pollain caught a shadowy glimpse of a horseman following. Concluding that if someone really was following them, it would be a good idea to know it at once, he halted at the next turn of the trail and dismounted.

While he fumbled at his cinch, Kate got down, removed her belt and gun and hung them on her saddle horn.

"I can't see how those old timers could carry a gun and heavy belt all the time. That belt just about cuts me in two. You don't mind if I carry it a woman's way, do you?" She took the little automatic from the holster and tucked it in her shirt front. "Don't you carry a gun, Mr. Pollain?"

"No, I never need one—when I go hunting I carry a rifle."

With a gesture of decision Kate stepped up to him.

"I wish you would go away—Jack. I understand you better than you do yourself. You don't belong with these people. And you may be sorry if you go on thinking that you want to get even with Rundle and the Cavanal. Lew Rundle has been your friend, Jack—Grist has a club over Frane, and made him do those things. Won't you go—before something happens?"

"HOW about the same thing happening to you?"

"Oh, I'll be all right. I have a pull, you know."

"Yes—a pull with Grist." His voice was hard. "I don't know what your game is, but—well, my offer still holds. I'll go if you will."

"I can't go—yet. But if you won't go away, won't you stay away from Tule Springs tonight? There is to be a sort of meeting there—and something will—might happen."

"A meeting!" Then he remembered, and laughed aloud. "I can promise you I'll not be there. Maybe you——"

He looked up quickly. A horseman had ridden quietly round the bend. The newcomer drew up his horse, hitched sideways in his saddle and grinned at the couple. Pollain threw one swift glance at the short, lean figure, with his splotchy beard and crowfooted eyes, and snorted.

"So you got out of Snart's tunnel all right," he said. "Where bound this morning?"

The old man grinned good naturedly, and winked openly at Kate.

"Aw, shore I got out—went back thru th' Cavanal. What uv I bumped into now—a 'lopin' party?" Pollain followed his wink around to Kate. She was blushing, with no sign of anger. The old man went on: "I been lookin' for you, young man. Figured mebbe you'd thought over what I said about ketchin' them high graders in partnership. But that ain't what I'm up tuh this mornin'. Jest now I got a mighty onpleasant duty tuh preform."

Again Pollain looked at Kate. Her cheeks were still flushed, but she was staring at the old man thru half-closed, baffling eyes. There was an intensity about her gaze that hinted at an effort to read the stranger's thoughts, or to telegraph a message. As if he felt her stare the old man transferred his attention to the girl. There was a half-tenderness in his voice and manner.

"I've got a girl of my own, ma'am, so I thought mebbe I'd better put yuh wise tuh what yuh're stackin' up against. This young man may be a mighty good sort, but I reckon yuh don't know that he's aimin' on this little party lastin' right thru tuh th' coast."

Kate stiffened and her breath came with a gasp. Her widened eyes shot to Pollain, then darted on to the big roll behind his saddle.

"Oh!" she cried. "Is that true? How could you, Jack?"

Pollain turned to the old man. He was still grinning, but there was something of deadly earnestness about the lines of his mouth. Where did this man fit in with Kate? Why—of course—he must be an emissary of Grist.

"Just what is this to you?" Pollain asked softly.

THE stranger eased himself in his saddle and continued to grin.

"Oh, nuthin' much. I jest don't want th' girl tuh get a raw deal, that's all. I didn't reckon she knew what yuh was up to. I guessed what yuh was up tuh when I saw yuh was packin' an outfit, an' "—he smiled with open friendliness—"I knowed what I'd 'a' done in yore place."

"Then it's true, Jack?" Kate broke in. "After I told you I couldn't go—you were going to take me anyway."

"Of course"—Pollain was going to make a real plea, but the stranger raised his hand.

"As far as that goes, lady, yuh can bank on this lad. Aw, what's th' use—jest tell him all about what yuh're up against, an' he'll be right side of yuh till th' devil needs skates. Ain't that right, Jack?"

"No!" Kate's voice was sharp. "Not now!" Her manner changed. She faced Pollain with her usual friendly smile. "It's all right, Jack, but I can't go now. I understand, tho—and here's what I'll do." She threw a defiant blushing smile at the grinning old man and moved closer to Pollain.

"If you—if you'll go out to your sister's at Trinidad, I'll join you there in three days."

Pollain looked into her flushed face. He saw entreaty in her eyes—and something more. Stubbornly he shook his head.

"No; if you're staying I'll stick around. I——"

The old man chuckled and nodded vigorously. Kate bit her lip, frowned at the stranger's mirth, and swung herself upon her horse with a cowboy leap. Without a glance at Pollain she turned her horse back down the trail. The old man let out a boisterous roar, made a movement as if he would dismount, then reined his horse after the girl.

Pollain followed the couple with his eyes until they rounded the bend. Then he listened until their rattling hoofbeats were drowned in the roaring of the mountain stream below. He mounted his horse, then got down to pick up a cartridge belt, from which dangled a tiny empty holster.

CHAPTER IX.

POLLAIN saw nothing of Kate or the strange miner on the return ride to Tule Springs. However, his mind was much easier than it had been since the mystery had first developed. He was sure now that Kate loved him. Some strong obligation was holding her to the high graders, but even that was to be broken, for she had offered to meet him in three days. That meant that she was nearly ready to break away. So his was now a waiting game. He would get in at the meeting at the mill. Something was pretty sure to develop.

He halted in front of the mill, unsaddled and turned his horse into the corral. Then he picked up Kate's belt and holster, and his saddle with his bulky pack, and went into his room. He had just tossed the belt upon the bunk and sat down to think it over when heavy footsteps scraped across the floor of the mill. Before he could rise a quick hand jerked the door open. Clayton Grist stood in the opening.

"Looking for me?" asked Pollain, carelessly, only partly sensing the tense attitude of the promoter.

Grist kicked the door wide open and stepped into the room.

"Yes!" he snapped. "I'm looking for you! It's about time we had a talk."

Pollain eased his feet to the floor and straightened.

"Fire away! What's eating you?"

"You're getting altogether too important with Kate Boardman—that's the trouble. You're the only person who don't seem to understand that she's mine. And if that isn't enough, why—you're working for me, and I say 'hands off!'"

Pollain drew his feet back until he had his weight upon them. There was the joy of battle in his sneering grin.

"So I'm working for you, am I? I had it sized up that way, but I wasn't sure before. I've been wondering when you'd come thru with some kind of an offer. How about it?"

"What do you mean—offer?"

"Oh, you know. I'm wise to this high grade stunt, that's all. You've been working this game on me ever since Joe Frane got my letter from New York. You played me to make this cleanup for you, so you would pull out with a pile. So it comes to this—I can run that ore in two weeks, or I can jimmy the mill so nobody can run it. Now—what is there in it for me?"

"OH I knew all the time you were onto us. You'll get your share, all right. Just now we've all got to get busy and catch Rundle's spy detective. We're going to meet up here tonight and talk it over. Better be around. But about Kate—you drop out with her. You've been seeing her on the sly. I won't stand for any more of that stuff. She's mine!"

Pollain lifted himself upon his feet.

"You're a liar!" he said softly.

"Huh!" Grist drew himself up. Then his eyes fell upon the belt and holster which Pollain's rising had uncovered. He growled savagely. "She was here last night! No wonder I couldn't find her. You think you got her, don't you? Well, I'll show you!"

He lunged, but Pollain was waiting and sprang aside. The promoter fell against the desk, whirled and fumbled at his hip pocket.

Pollain had no desire to see a gun make its appearance, so he leaped in and smashed a terrific blow into Grist's face. The ex-gambler staggered and fell. Before he could move Snart ran in between the two men.

"Here!" snapped the miner. "This won't do! You'll have us all in trouble. Wait till we get this detective business straightened out before you settle things personal." He advanced warily toward Grist, who rose to his feet. "I've got that spy of Rundle's spotted, too, and we can fix everything up tonight."

Grist grunted and sat upon the desk.

"All right, but Pollain's getting too fresh. Just now I'd rather settle with him than with that damn spy."

Snart laughed with a nasty sneer.

"You may change your opinion when I make you acquainted with the spy. And I'm going to do that little thing tonight."

Grist rumbled something and limped out. Snart leered after him, then started to follow.

"He'll be all right when he cools off," he said to Pollain.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the jealous blowup of the morning, Pollain was surprised to see Kate and Grist ride up together in the early evening. The promoter had lost his ill temper and greeted Pollain pleasantly, but with a hint of malicious satisfaction.

Kate was unusually gay, but Pollain could see a quivery nervousness underneath her mirth. She was on edge over something and he wondered if fear for himself had any part in causing it.

Snart came down from the cabins, and shortly after, Joe Frane came down from the tunnel. As usual, the manager was in a sweating funk and mopped his forehead continually.

"Well, let's get inside," suggested Snart, and they all entered the mill.

Pollain lighted the big work lantern and hunted up chairs and boxes. He smiled grimly when he noted that they were all accepting him as one of them.

"Now," began Grist with an attempt at joking lightness, "the business of the meeting is in connection with the activities of a certain party who is threatening to beat us out of our year's work. We've got to locate this spy and buy him off."

Snart sniffed and fumbled in his pocket. Pollain caught a glimpse of shadowy figures moving toward the mill.

"You won't have to look far for that spy," chortled Snart. "The said party's right here!"

There was a moment of tense silence, during which Pollain glanced sharply about with a sudden suspicion that he might be the party Snart had in mind. But all eyes were on the miner who was producing a paper. With a smirking grin he opened it.

"This is a report from the spy to Rundle." He showed his teeth in a wolf-like snarl. "It just happened that a certain chambermaid of mine—she hooked this."

"Well, let's see it!" snapped Grist.

As the promoter reached for the paper, Pollain saw two more figures join the group outside. He felt that Kate, too, had noticed the men.

Grist held the note nearer to the light and real aloud:

> Stolen high grade cached in old stope 500 feet west of main Tule Springs tunnel. Blocked crosscut on 300-foot level of Cavanal connects with Tule Springs. Can take the gang at any time. Arrange for officers at place agreed.

Grist stopped and stared at the paper. Then he crumbled it in his hand and glared around the mill. His face grew red, then white. He stumbled to his feet.

"And it's signed 'Kate!'" he roared.

Pollain's eyes shot to the girl. She was smiling, with no outward sign of nervousness. But she was watching the open door.

THE big man's rage was growing. He gripped the table before him.

"You—you tricked me!" he cried. "You were working me all the time. Bah! Worked me into taking you in with us—oh, I'll take care of you!"

He sprang at Kate but she leaped into the corner beside the door.

"Fine!" she cried. "You're clever detectives yourselves! Of course I'm the Rundle spy, but you found it out too late." She indicated the door. "Enter, gentlemen!"

The relief that Pollain felt at learning that Kate was not really a member of the gang was clouded by his surprise at seeing half a dozen of Snart's villainous miners file into the mill. He saw that Kate, too, was startled, for when her eyes fell upon them she almost screamed.

For an instant Grist stared at the newcomers; then he spluttered an incoherent curse and stumbled at Kate. Even as Pollain started to her aid she called to him.

"Oh, Jack!" She darted aside to escape Grist's rush. "I thought they were officers waiting outside. I——" She dodged to escape the entering mob, and Grist headed her.

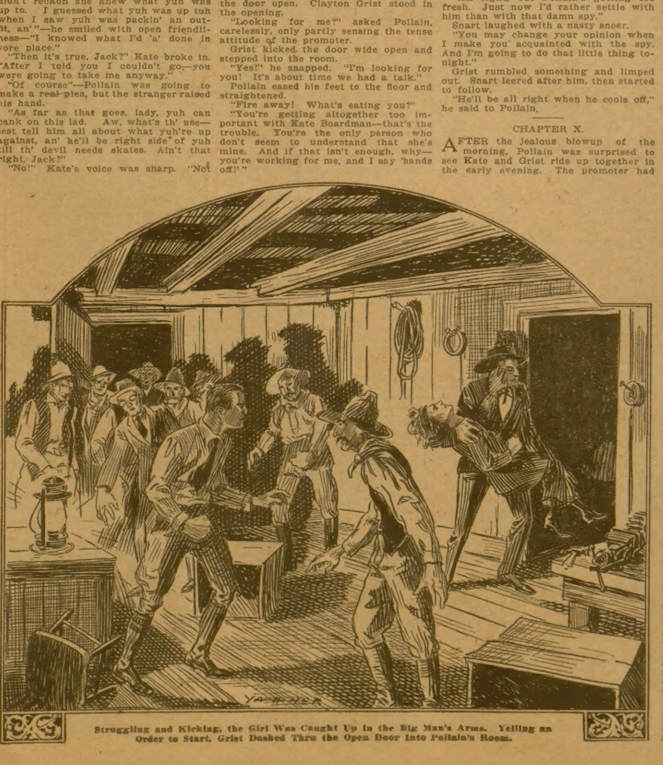
Struggling and kicking, the girl was caught up in the big man's arms. Yelling an order to Snart, Grist dashed thru the open door into Pollain's room. The door slammed shut. The bar clicked into place.

As Pollain threw himself at the door he realized what had happened. Kate had mistaken Snart's miners for expected help and had admitted her identity too soon.

Snart snapped an order to his men and they closed toward Pollain, who was frantically throwing himself against the barred door. Even when a burly miner tried to pull him away, he paid no attention. Shaking the man off with a jerk, he drove his foot thru a board of the door. Before he could be stopped he had torn off another board and had crawled thru.

Grist, white-faced and glary-eyed, finding the window barred, had hurled Kate across the room and was striking at her face. Pollain clutched the big man by the throat and dashed him aside. Following, he landed a terrific blow on Grist's jaw. The promoter fell across the bunk.

But Snart had crawled thru the broken door and his men were right behind. The miner caught up a heavy chair and dashed it at Pollain, who dodged enough to save his head. The chair crashed upon his shoulder with a breaking force. He tried to lunge at his new antagonist, but Grist, recovering, threw his great bulk into the fight. Pollain and the promoter went down together. One of



Struggling and Kicking, the Girl Was Caught Up in the Big Man's Arms. Yelling an Order to Start, Grist Dashed Thru the Open Door Into Pollain's Room.

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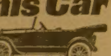
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Snart's men fell upon Pollain's back. But Jack heaved the man off and dashed into the mass that separated him from Kate. He struck Snart and the miner fell. Grist, scrambling again into the fight, caught Pollain from behind and hurled him across the room. Pollain's head struck the wall with a terrific shock. The room rolled and pitched. He saw the triumphant Grist turn to the girl. He heard Kate's scream of terror.

THERE was a crash of breaking glass, and the men near the barred window fell back. A slim figure in black leaned thru the broken sash. A white face, drawn and lined, glared into the room. A gun flashed thru the bars. There was a thundering crash.

Grist shivered and rubbed his stomach, then leaned upon the desk. His head wobbled forward and his knees jackknifed. He fell across the desk and rolled to the floor.

Dora Lamont's face showed thru the window for an instant; then she screamed wildly and ran into the darkness.

Pollain's head cleared. He staggered to Kate, pushed her into an angle between the desk and the wall, and placed himself before her, facing the now desperate mob.

All at once a new group of men crowded thru the broken door. For a moment Pollain had the hope that they were the officers whom Kate was expecting. Then he saw Snart's big watchman in the lead and nerved himself to fight.

His hopes sank still lower when he recognized one of the newcomers as the man who had warned Kate that morning. With a fierce determination to make a killing before he went down, Pollain raised the heavy desk stool against the next he knew would come.

But there was a strange diversion. The old man pushed thru, peered sharply at the girl and swung in beside Pollain. An old-fashioned, cannon-like six-gun appeared in his hand. Held carelessly at his hip, its deadly muzzle menaced the group before him.

"I reckon th' game's up!" he said quietly. "Yuh've lost yore boss, an' Snart an' Frane are done. Never mind"—as Snart's hand jerked toward his hip—"th' game shore is up! Dad Wyatt's comin' down th' trail now with th' officers!"

Pollain felt the girl standing at his side. He looked around and encountered her smile.

"Why didn't you tell me you were the detective?" he grumbled. "I'd have been glad to help."

"Just a woman's way." She shook her head, smiling.

The old man turned.

"Yuh all right, Kate?" he asked, anxiously.

"Of course—there was no danger." She looked down at Grist twitching and groaning, and shuddered.

Joe Frane thrust his white face forward.

"I know now!" he whined. "No wonder we all got caught!"

"What now?" growled Snart.

"Don't you know this man?" Frane indicated the old stranger.

"No." Snart squinted at the old man. For a moment his jerking hands were still. Then his eyes grew large with startled fear.

"Lew Rundle!" he gasped.

BEFORE Pollain could pinch himself to see if he were awake, he was aware of a new commotion. At the window and at the door business-like men appeared. Joe Frane, Snart and the gang went out between husky officers. Grist rolled over and groaned. Four men carried him out. Lew Rundle looked at the girl, his rugged face softening tenderly.

"I never realized yuh was takin' such chances, Kate. There wasn't no call for yuh tuh get so thick with this rotten outfit."

"It's all right, now, Dad, I——"

Dad! Pollain stared. Rundle was her father. She was Kate Rundle, heiress of the Rundle millions. And he had presumed to make love to her—had tried to kidnap her. He began speculating on which would be the easier exit—the door or the window.

Old Lew Rundle regarded him quizzically.

"But if Jack Pollain hadn't been around to watch out for you, I'd 'a' shipped yuh back tuh Idaho that second week. Y—, allus did go in for adventure, but we off quite a chunk when we aimed tuh catch this gang alone."

Kate smiled softly, and edged closer to Pollain.

"I knew you were all right, Jack, but I wanted to do things my way. You understand now, don't you?"

Pollain could not reply. Rundle slapped him on the back.

"Son, yuh're all right. I allus said it, an' I'm a stickin' fool. An' I'll try tuh show yuh how proud I am that yuh went tuh war. That Frane——" He clenched his fists and his eyes became slits.

"I'm glad you feel that way," Pollain managed to say. "Give me a job in the Cavanal and I'll——"

The old man laughed as if at a great joke, while Kate's eyes grew filmy, and she clutched her father's arm.

"Oh, shore, yuh'll get a job—but not jest now. An' it may take some time tuh break intuh that new job. For th' present there's a little party of three beatin' it out tuh th' railroad tonight. We're goin' tuh take yuh home with us, son. When yuh get rested—well—talk that job business over with Kate."

[The End.]

* * *

Home Cooking.

"WELL, durn my socks!" ejaculated the enraged husband as his affectionate and dutiful wife placed upon the dining-room table a big dish of potato punque.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the dutiful wife.

"What else have you got?" inquired the enraged husband.

"Some flippery flounce and some nutty nuggets."

"Oh, wow!" wailed the enraged husband, falling limply into a chair. "The fates are against me. Noon and night I have had nothing to eat but potato punque, flippery flounce and nutty nuggets.

"Yesterday noon it began when I went into a cafeteria. I passed the choice chews up in front because I was confused and undecided, there being such a long line of things to choose from. Before I realized what was happening I was down at the other end, where there was nothing to do but take what there was, which turned out to be potato punque, flippery flounce and nutty nuggets.

"I couldn't stem that current of people back to the beginning again. I saw one desperate fellow trying to do that. He had forgotten to get himself some bread and he beat against the tide back as far as vegetable soup. But there the others howled so at being jostled and scalded and slopped around that he had to give it up. I saw there was nothing for me to do but take what there was—or nothing.

"Then last night when I stayed downtown to take you to the show I went to a restaurant near the theater. I had seen choice chews, bully bacon and elegant eats on the bill of fare pasted in the window. I ordered the same.

"The girl said they didn't have them.

"I pointed to the bill of fare where the words were inscribed in plain English, but she still said they didn't have them, altho she had to admit they were on the bill of fare. Then I ordered some other stuff and she said they didn't have that, either.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Because it wasn't on the bill of fare,' she replied. Then I said: 'Well, if you haven't got what is on the bill of fare, or what isn't on the bill of fare, what in Sam Hill have you got?'

"Which was just the right kind of talk at last. The girl's blue eyes seemed to say: 'I'm glad you're getting down to business at last.' She curled her lips into a satisfied smile, and pronounced the words: 'Potato punque, flippery flounce and nutty nuggets.'

"And now, when I arrive at my own table, in my own home, blessed if I don't have to tie into the same stuff for the third time."

"But," said the dutiful wife, softly and resignedly, "I have no way of knowing what you are going to eat downtown. If you will 'phone me hereafter what you are having for lunch I'll try to have something different for dinner."

To which the enraged husband did not respond. He was pitching into the dishes before him. He had discovered that potato punque at home and potato punque abroad were quite different.

* * *

Saved the Day.

GYPSY SMITH, the evangelist, said on his recent voyage from Liverpool: "There are some men who can make a success even of failure. Thus there was a certain peer once who rose to make his maiden speech—a speech granting to all accused persons the right of counsel—and when he put his hand in his pocket for his notes they weren't there. The peer gulped. He looked about him wildly. Gulped again. Then he said:

"'If I, my lords, who now rise only to give my opinion on this bill—if I am so confounded that I am unable to express what I had in mind, what must be the condition of that man who, without any assistance, has got to plead for his life?'

"Then the peer sat down to the cheers of a converted chamber, and his bill passed almost unanimously."

* * *

Diplomacy.

HENRY WATTERSON believes that if one has opinions they are worth sticking up for, and that the editor who has no backbone is no editor at all. He says:

"I despise a chap like Stewart, who used to run a dinky paper in a dinky town near Louisville. One day the office boy tiptoed into his private office and said:

"'Mr. Stewart, there's a man outside says he's got to see you.'

"'What does he look like?' asked Stewart as he prepared to make a hasty exit thru the back door.

"'He's a little man, sir, a little——'

"'Show him in! Show him in,' cried the editor in a loud voice. 'If there's any one 'round here who objects to The Clarion's stand for truth, justice and liberty, I want to know it.'"

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By Louise R. Hull

Mary Alice Tells Her Own Story

IF YOU didn't hear my strange revelations last week, let me tell you hurriedly the queer things that happened to me so you will understand the rest of the curious—and even terrible!—story. You see, I was only 17 when I finished school and was sent by my guardian to live at "Trouble Enough," the appropriately named manor of an elderly cousin, Richard Jamieson. I found a distressing state of affairs there; a houseful of negro servants behind in their pay; a half-wit, Silly Billy, who chanted wild songs outside my window at nights; my cousin's wife, Mrs. Christine Jamieson, not living with her husband as wife, but remaining in the upper part of the house all day; Richard Jamieson, according to servants' reports, and even in his wife's opinion—a madman; Fanny, my maid, said that his twin brother, Joe Jamieson, who visited Trouble Enough frequently, was insane, too. Cousin Christine raved continually about her husband's quarrels with the laborers in the peach orchards and bitterly lamented his harshness to their son, Young Dick. I did not wonder at her adoration of Young Dick, tho, for when I met him secretly in the orchard I found him fascinating, dear, lovable. He told me the Limekiln was haunted—that very night I saw a light in it.

Now peculiar thefts occurred—and Cousin Dick took to sleeping with a pistol under his pillow and lots and lots of peach money—which he marked—hidden in his room. Who was the thief? Silly Billy? Ben Rider?, one of the orchard laborers, with whom Cousin Dick had fought once? Some tramp, or the ghost who haunted the limekiln?

Then came the morning-I-shall-never-forget, when Cousin Dick made insane love to me, and predicted that a murder was going to be done. I decided that every one was right—he was mad, indeed, and I was packing my trunk to go to Richmond, when Mrs. Jamieson came in and told me Cousin Dick's prediction was true—he, himself, had been shot!

Silly Billy and Young Dick were arrested as suspects. It seemed that Young Dick had quarreled with his father—besides some of the marked peach money was found upon him. But Christine said she gave the boys that money herself. Of course, Joe Jamieson was sent for, but his son, Tom, came instead with the news that his father had disappeared. To complicate matters more—there was no will!

Now occurred the most astounding thing—Tom, looking at the corpse, exclaimed that this was not Cousin Dick after all, but his father—Joe Jamieson!

Two questions evolved now from the tangle. Where was Richard Jamieson? Who had killed his brother? A detective, John Brisbane Jeremiah Brooks, was employed to sift out the mystery, and I did some searching myself for my lost uncle, but to no avail. Several times during the night I heard strange voices beneath my window—one that of a man's and one the voice of Jane Rider, Ben Rider's sister, who worked at the Jamieson place.

One memorable day, Young Dick told me impulsively that he loved me and I let him know that he was all the world to me—but our happiness was short lived. On account of his mother's shame over the suspicion which followed him, Dick disappeared, and even I did not know where he had hidden himself. Then it was that I wrote to my guardian, Doctor Brownwell, and told him the whole story.

He sent for me at once and until I was 18 I lived with Brownwell and his young wife, Leila. I was sadly disillusioned when I found that they were only simulating friendliness because my oil lands had yielded me sudden wealth and I was as rich as Croesus. So after a strange illness I returned, weak and languid, to my old friends at Trouble Enough. The first night I was at the old manor I solved the mystery of the Limekiln—it was Silly Billy who was hoarding a great pile of money there and gloating over it by lantern light in the "wee sma' hours."

CHAPTER X.

"KEEP the old woman and the dog off me!"

I heard this sentence in a wild yell, and ran out of my room and down the steps.

"Dick!" I cried out, "Dick!"

"There's another!" roared the young man. "For God's sake somebody with sense come here and keep the women and the dog off me!"

Cousin Christine was trying to take the young fellow into her arms, and Rags, Rags who was supposed to like everybody, was snapping and snarling at his ankles. I was going to rush into his arms, or try to, but I held back, frightened, wondering, half broken-hearted. Was this Young Dick turned wild; Wild Dick whom old Rags wouldn't recognize?"

Cousin Christine, wondering, too, chagrined, frightened, also stepped back.

He was dressed in clothes that Young Dick would never have worn in the old days such a little while ago. His clothes were loud. He wore tan shoes and pale blue stockings, and his suit was plaid. But there were his sunny curls and his broad forehead and his clean-shaven face and his wonderful eyes, looking defiantly at us, defiantly but half amused; that is the amusement came into them after Zack had dragged away poor snapping and snarling Rags by the nape of the neck.

"Look here, you people," he said.

"My son," said Cousin Christine, "I do not understand the joke nor why, even seeing you in such outrageous clothes, Rags should have acted so rudely, but, for pity's sake, don't call us 'you people!'"

"Why, what's the matter with my clothes?" demanded the young fellow.

Cousin Christine did not deign to answer.

"Why are you here, Dick?" she asked sadly. "You know you are in danger; but, oh, my son, come into mother's arms"—and out they went to him.

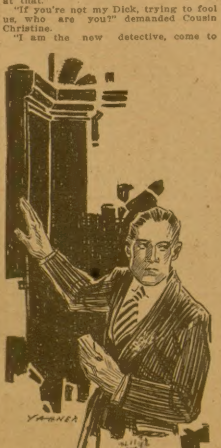
A sheepish look came over the handsome face, the wonderful eyes darkened perceptibly. "It must be that I look like him, is that it?' he asked. "You might know I'm not him; if I were him what in h—l would keep me from kissing the girl?"

"Dick!" cried Cousin Christine, "what in the world has come over you? My son using such awful language!"

"I beg your pardon, ladies," said the owner of the wonderful eyes, "but, you see, I hardly know what I'm saying. Of course, madam, your son wouldn't talk like that. I'm really quite ignorant, but I have one solitary talent and I'm good at that."

"If you're not my Dick, trying to fool us, who are you?" demanded Cousin Christine.

"I am the new detective, come to clear up this murder business. If any man can do it, I can."



Some of Them Didn't Believe He Was a Detective at All.

"The first one said that," I retorted. "Really, tho, you're not fooling us? You're not just pretending? Oh, Dick, it is you, isn't it? You've come to face the thing? You're not afraid, are you, Dick?"

He looked at me long and hard.

"No, miss, I'm not Dick," he said, "I wish I was; I'd face it all right."

Cousin Christine walked away, slowly, like a very old woman. I was glad that Fanny hadn't been there, too. But Fanny got ahead of Cousin Christine and myself—she met the new detective in the hall and rushed at him and took him into her arms and kissed him, calling him her boy, her dear boy. I saw her do it, for I was at the other end of the hall.

"Murder!" cried the owner of the wonderful eyes; "say, how many mothers have I, anyway?"

I RAN to Fanny and explained. "He isn't Dick; he just looks like Dick; he's the new detective."

The new detective's name was Harry Scott.

"Great Scott, I think I must be," he said, "the way I've been greeted at a fine old country place like Trouble Enough."

"Your father was never Pete Scott?" questioned Fanny.

His face reddened perceptibly.

"You don't live in this neighborhood?" questioned Fanny further.

"I was born in it," he said; "I've lived away. I ought to have been given some schoolin', but I wasn't. I had to work myself up, and so I've worked myself into the detective business, and I like it fust-rate."

"Who was your father if he wasn't Pete?" continued Fanny.

I had never known her so persistent.

"Maybe you know him better'n I do," said the young man. "I'm not hankerin' after his acquaintance; I've got a mother and she's good as gold." Again the wonderful eyes looked defiance at us.

"Oh!" said Fanny.

"Fanny," I said, as soon as I could get her to herself, "who is Harry Scott's father?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, frowning.

"Then why did you say 'Oh?' It sounded like you knew."

"He's that Scott girl's son," said Fanny, and that was all I could get out of her.

I was undecided for awhile as to whether I would be an assistant to Harry Scott, Great Scott, as I hoped he would be, or keep on doing detective work myself.

I had thought deeply on the subject of Silly Billy. I could not believe that he had wilfully been guilty of theft. There must be some explanation to the presence of the money hidden in the old limekiln. Perhaps the Rider boy had stolen it and secreted it there and Silly Billy had found it. I hoped I would never be put on the witness stand and asked questions either, about the will being destroyed or if I had any idea of who had been stealing the peach-money. Were this thing to happen, what would I say? What would I do?

I decided that for a while I would do my detective work alone and unaided and nobody should know what I found—and I would keep what I discovered to myself unless the telling would be of benefit to somebody that I loved. I wasn't in the work because I thought I had a talent, or for the fun of the thing—I wanted to clear the name of that dear boy whose promised wife I was.

The servants around the place heard of the uproar that occurred at the arrival of Harry Scott in the old house of Trouble Enough, and indeed they looked at him from every point and some of them didn't believe he was a detective at all but Young Dick masquerading.

"But ef I was him," said Bob, "I'd a put on a moostache; it'd a made a little diffence."

"He never was feered o' nothin'," muttered Zack, "but, say, why'd I have to be called to drag Rags off'n Mr. Dick?"

"Dat so, dat so," said Aunt Tilly, and silence settled on the darkey element of Trouble Enough.

"Dat so, dat so," Bob broke the silence, "but ef I was him I'd wear a moostache."

"So'd I," said Zack.

Great Scott overcame the old dog's enmity. Rags grew to love the smoothing touch of that large, kind hand and wagged his tail when the wonderful eyes looked down at him.

BUT the presence of Great Scott made us all sad. How could we see that image and likeness of Young Dick, our Dick, striding about the place, without sadness filling our hearts and minds? When Rags followed close at his heels, the sight was heartbreaking.

"They oughtn't to have sent him here," declared Cousin Christine. "It was a cruel thing to do. Why has the law such power over people's homes? Because a terrible trouble has come to us, are we to have no more privacy?"

Great Scott seemed to be working hard, doing nothing. He would order a horse and ride all over the orchards and bring the beast back dripping with foam. Then he'd sit and make notes in his memorandum book. I curled my lips thinking of all the grammatical errors that must be jotted down in Great Scott's little book. Once I thought I'd like to read it, and then I threw the thought from me with a world of scorn. I would wait and see what came of his investigations before I would take any interest in this latest detective who had been set on Trouble Enough. Oh, if he cleared that dear, dear name, why I'd let him "kiss the girl." I'd put my arms around his neck and kiss him back. I'd go wild with joy.

I met him in the woods one day, Rags, as usual, at his heels. Rags gave me a funny dog look and turned his eyes down to the detective's boots, as if he knew I was ashamed of him.

"Why don't you hunt up the Rider boy?" I asked.

His lips curled back at me as tho he thought: "You saucy little minx. Maybe I am hunting him up,' he said.

I laughed my disbelief."

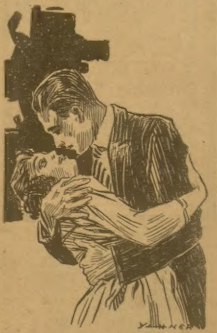
"Then you're the first one that has tried," I said, "and there have been several before you; and the very first was sure that there was plain sailing before his mighty self."

"That so?" he said.

"Well, let me know when you find Ben Rider," I said, and whistled for Rags.

Rags lifted his head in answer to my whistle and looked at me sheepishly, but I had to give a very commanding call before he came and then reluctantly.

"Your dog has a better opinion of me than you have, Miss Littlepage," said Harry Scott.



"Life Without You Wouldn't Be Worth Living."

"Well, you can whistle him back," I said, and walked on, but the young man did not whistle and Rags walked on behind me, his head hanging, his tail between his legs.

I heard that detective laughing long and loud.

But I had some one hunting for the Rider boy. I wrote to Tom Jamieson and asked him to see to it and told him that I had plenty of money and that I didn't want the people of Trouble Enough to know anything about it. Tom came down to see us all and went walking in the woods with me—and he said I was a girl with a big heart and he'd be delighted to assist me in any way he could.

He was startled when he caught sight of Harry Scott, but I had prepared him for the likeness.

"He's just as much like Dick as Uncle Dick was like my father," he said. "Who is he?"

"Fanny says he's the Scott girl's son," I answered.

"Oh!" cried Tom.

Every night before I went to bed I looked out of my window to see if that light was showing from the limekiln. I did not see it. Naturally I noticed Silly Billy more than usual these days. He seemed to be keeping a strict watch on the detective. Maybe it was because of the detective that he had ceased to try to count this hidden treasure. Well, that was a sensible move on the part of an idiot. Then one night I saw the light. It frightened me. I did not want that poor simple fellow rearrested and no doubt imprisoned.

I DREADED to go down to breakfast these mornings. I was so afraid of fresh bad news. Cousin Christine kept to her room. I went to see her once a day. She was nervous and excited. She,

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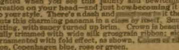

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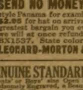

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too, was expecting something to happen.

"He'll do something," she said; "I know it: "it's in the blood."

"In the Scott blood?" I asked, wondering vaguely how she knew.

"The Scott blood?" she cried, and laughed shrilly. "Oh, you innocent little brown girl, how should I know anything about the Scott blood? Don't you know that in the Bible there's mentioned 'the child of the spirit that is of promise,' and also 'the child of the flesh, that is of desire?' Don't you understand? The boy, Harry, is an illegitimate child—and your Uncle Dick is his father. And he didn't like him any better than Young Dick."

"Oh, Cousin Christine," I said, in a weak whisper, "I never thought—I didn't know——"

"Such things have happened from time immemorial," said Cousin Christine, "and good wives have forgiven the sinners. I wouldn't, tho he begged forgiveness on his knees—and then he took his spite out in hating our boy—but neither was he good to the child of desire."

"I wish the world wasn't so wicked," I said.

Great Scott found a reason for a person belonging to the household of Trouble Enough to murder its supposed master apart from a quarrel and a fierce temper. There had been a will. He found an old attorney, Mr. Wellington, who declared that there was a will made by the man who had apparently disappeared off the face of the earth, and that he knew where it was kept. He came to the house with the intention of putting his hand on the will, to discover instead that the drawer, an inside one in Cousin Dick's desk, had been tampered with and the will stolen.

I went to bed sick when I heard this. I was so afraid I was going to be real sick and grow two inches more and be too tall. I said I ought to have a trained nurse and a dispatch was sent to Tom, who got me one. I did not want poor Fanny waiting on me—I just couldn't stand it.

This latest detective into whose face I had laughed mockingly kept on investigating, and in a week from the day he brought Mr. Wellington to look for the will, Fanny was arrested for destroying it. She was bailed out.

The trained nurse told me all about it, for every day I questioned her, and she thought it better not to keep me in the dark and anxious.

"Now that woman will get well again, for she has been miserable," said the trained nurse. "I think you can let me go back to town where I have an important case waiting; you need no longer be afraid of Fanny."

And indeed Fanny was a different person. A load had been lifted from her. She had done the thing and found the secret of it heavy; now she was found out. "Besides," she said to me, "Mr. Dick isn't dead, and I don't see what they can do about it."

Nor did I see what Great Scott, clever as he was, could do about it.

"As for suspecting me of murder, they might as well," said Fanny; "they're suspecting everybody. They can't hang us all."

'But they might hang you, Fanny," I said.

She gave a laugh. Then a great seriousness filled her eyes. "Well, that would end it," she said—and I ain't got nobody, and 'greater love than this no man hath than to give up his life for his friend.'" Her eyes were luminous—I never thought them beautiful—just for a minute, and then they were ordinary eyes that sat well in the plain face of the faithful servant. And Fanny kept on getting back her flesh and her spirits. She put cheer into my Cousin Christine. She said she felt sure and certain that there'd be happiness yet in Trouble Enough, and the sound of little children's feet and voices.

BUT I crept away and cried when I heard her talking like this.

"Fanny," I said to her one day, "I believe you love Young Dick better than you love your life, don't you?"

'Why shouldn't I?" she asked in turn. "Isn't he better than a poor servant's life?"

"You love Cousin Christine, too?"

"I have loved her long, dear lady," said Fanny.

"And you even love me, don't you, Fanny?"

"Well, you know, you haven't known me very long, tho it seems an eternity."

"You're going to make the boy happy, my boy. And how many mothers has he? Wasn't that what this Great Scott cried out at me? Or was it how many mothers have I? God help him; but he says she's a good woman and sometimes it happens that way. And sometimes we poor mortals are tried beyond our strength. It may be that the Lord thinks our pride in ourselves is too great, or that the poor sinner do be coming to him better than him that holds his head high. Yes, little Miss Mary Alice, you're going to make the boy happy, you and your children that will be his. And let bygones be bygones," wound up Fanny. "Bless me, miss, don't you be crying your heart out."

But I kept on crying. Why, if she loved him so dearly, loved him to the extent of willingness to give up her life for him, why should she think him guilty of an awful crime That wasn't loyalty.

"Dick never did it," I sobbed.

She petted my shoulder. I think she was crying quietly.

"If he did it"—and now I was staring, indeed, glaring at Fanny—"this Harry Scott will find it out."

"Then I'll up and swear it was me," said Fanny, solemnly.

I was glad Silly Billy's light didn't shine out from the limekiln that night, or the next thing would be his arrest for stealing the peach money from the beginning, such piles he had of it! Fanny was arrested for destroying the will and her bail was big. All about it was whispered that the person who destroyed the will might have been tempted to murder the man who made it. But Fanny went about the house, singing.

If Silly Billy were rearrested this time for stealing peach money from the beginning, there would be another whisper current. Silly Billy, in prison or bailed out, would be "the man who did it." Would he still be saying his prayer? I believed he would.

"None of them did it," I cried out to the four walls of my room. "It is a deep, dark mystery, and I doubt if Great Scott will ever solve it." Then, if it were never solved, the dark cloud would rest forever on the curly head of Young Dick. He wouldn't want to come home. He'd probably go off to Alaska or to South America, and I would follow, my money helping me to find him. Yes, somehow, I wanted those little children to run about Trouble Enough and make of it a place of peace.

Then I heard voices under my window, the cold air bringing them up, as it were. I slept with this special window open, and I got out of bed and went tip-toeing across the floor, as if those owners of the voices should hear me and scamper away. I was playing the detective, and I had been an eavesdropper and a listener on all occasions. I heard distinctly a man's voice and a woman's, but when I looked cautiously down I saw two women.

"The same old story," I said, but this time I was puzzled. The detective in me was growing; practice was making me more perfect. I listened.

"I'll go and you'll follow"—it was a man's voice.

The woman said she was afraid, that they were safe where they were; why not let well enough alone?

THE rest of the conversation I need not repeat, but I caught my breath as I listened, leaned hard against the window sill and listened, and blessed the icy wind that seemed to blow it up to me, word for word.

But the woman conquered. She refused to leave Trouble Enough.

I said my prayers a second time, absent-mindedly, and went to bed, but not to sleep. I made up my mind, lying there, that I would go to Great Scott in the morning—he was a better detective than I—I would go to him and tell him what I had discovered, I, who was a girl and only 18 years of age.

I found him in the woods near the house, strolling along, his pipe in his mouth. He smoked vile tobacco. He kept on smoking when I reached him. He did not think much of me; I had curled my lips at him too often.

There was Rags marching beside him.

"Mr.—Mr. Scott, I have something to tell you."

With his hat on his head and his pipe in his mouth he waited to hear more.

"Come deeper into the woods," I said.

He half smiled; but deeper into the woods we went, Rags with us.

"Well, what is it you have to tell me, Miss Littlepage?" he asked, and I caught the laugh in his eyes.

"I have been doing a little detective work on my own account," I said.

"I thought as much." He had taken his pipe from his mouth. His wonderful eyes were looking at me, making me feel like a little fool.

Yet I wasn't a little fool.

"I——?" I began.

"You've made a discovery?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Last night?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you make it before?"

Then I became angry. "Why didn't you make it yourself?" I flared out.

"Maybe I did," he answered. "Last night you looked out of your window and saw the Rider girl and a friend and heard them talking, and you discovered that the Rider girl wasn't the Rider girl but the Rider boy? Isn't that your discovery?"

"Yes," I said.

"And I think some time back you must have made another discovery, for I believe you know, Miss Littlepage, that Silly Billy, as you call him, visits the old limekiln and gloats over his stolen goods?"

"Oh," I cried, "don't rearrest that poor simple boy! Let his prayer save him."

"I am not the one to let his prayer save him," said Harry Scott. A higher power than mine must do that, but don't be alarmed—Silly Billy won't be rearrested today or tomorrow; he is being watched, that is all."

The afternoon of that day Ben Rider was arrested as the possible murderer of his supposed employer. No bail was accepted for him, tho the Black

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Hills people were willing to club together and pay it.

"And willing to lose it when he skipped," said Great Scott, his wonderful eyes looking into mine.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE LITTLE BROWN GIRL TIRES OF BEING AN ACCOMPLICE

SILLY BILLY was being watched. Now and then his light shone out from the old limekiln and gave me the blues. Why, now that Ben Rider was arrested, didn't the court go ahead with the trial, finish things up and let good people return to their homes? We at Trouble Enough were so used to unrest and fierce excitement that I often wondered how we would act if we had a chance to rest.

One day Great Scott came running into Cousin Christine's apartment after giving a hasty knock on the door. Fanny had just brought us in the tea tray.

"Mother!" cried the detective, [illegible] rushed at Cousin Christine.

She shook herself free from his arms.

"This is going too far," she said. "I am grateful to you for arresting the Rider boy and I trust you see that he gets his deserts and be satisfied and be thru with the ugly business and give us back our bail money and go away from here."

The young man drew back, and then he began laughing.

"I thought I was in luck," he said, "but it's hard luck. Fanny, can't you tell her I'm her boy?"

"I think you've been drinkin'," said Fanny cruelly. "You go 'long away!"

"Little brown girl!" It was a cry.

I made for his arms, and he kissed me and kissed me. "Don't you see it's Young Dick?" I cried. "Didn't the other say if he'd been Dick he surely would have kissed the girl?"

Then Young Dick's mother owned him, and Fanny was laughing and crying in the mad knowledge that this time her boy had come. She had always known he was afraid of nothing, and here he was

"But Dick, darling, you're in danger!" cried Cousin Christine.

"Afraid o' nothing!" cried Fanny, jubilantly.

"I'm not in danger," said Dick, "but there are a few things I am afraid of. In the first place, I think it would be very unwise for me to appear openly at Trouble Enough at the present time. This detective is a good one, believe me; and if he goes on delving and diving maybe he'll poke up something near the truth. But, you see, I have on his clothes."

"That's why I didn't know you!" cried Cousin Christine.

"I'm impersonating him," continued Young Dick. "Nobody but you three mortals must know who I am unless that smart rascal, Silly Billy, finds me out. But 'mums the word' will keep him quiet."

"Where is——" began Cousin Christine.

"My image and likeness?" interrupted Young Dick. "That I must not tell you—but he's safe and will undoubtedly get a few more turns hanging around the place."

Fanny brought in an extra share of luncheon, and the three of us sat there together. How like old times it seemed!

"What gets me," said Dick, in his earnest boyish fashion, "is what prevents them tracing father? I know insane people are far more cunning than us mortals with wits, but they're searching everywhere. Living or dead, he ought to be found. We all know he wasn't spirited away."

He looked very grave when I told him about Fanny and the will.

"I've been hearing most things," he said, "but I didn't hear that. I wish she hadn't done it. It puts a bad face on things. A good woman like Fanny, too."

We walked together in the woods, Rags with us. Rags had to be spoken to very crossly to keep him from leaping all over Great Scott's substitute, but in the depths of the woods he was permitted to give a royal welcome.

I TOLD Young Dick all about the arrival of the detective, and he rolled over on the ground, laughing. "Keep the old woman and the dog both off me! For God's sake how many mothers have I?" appealed very heartily to Young Dick's sense of humor.

After his spasm of mirth Dick was grave again. "It was all a mistake, my going off the way I did," he said slowly. "Everybody, myself included, knew it at the time—everybody of course but mother. It puts a bad look on things—and I can't get over Fanny destroying the will."

He sat on a mossy log and pulled me down beside him. It was a glorious winter day, the sun warming up the world. "I could have had you all these days," he said ~~dejectedly~~. "It's hard on a fellow living in hiding, yet if I come out now, especially after the way I've served the detective—well, I did the thing, this hiding business—I made my bed, as it were, and I must lie in it."

"What did you do with Harry Scott?" I asked.

"I felt like throwing him into the creek," said Young Dick, "but, don't be frightened. I didn't do anything half as sane as that to him. I oughtn't to tell you, Mary Alice, but, by Jove, I've got to have an accomplice, either you or Silly Billy."

"Poor Silly Billy is already in trouble," I said; "he is being watched."

"What on earth has that poor faithful fellow done?" roared Young Dick.

"I better not tell," I answered; "there's no need for you to know."

"Well, I don't believe I do want to know anything more," sighed Young Dick. "I made myself powerless to help anybody. Look here, Mary Alice, you and I are kind of engaged, aren't we?"

"You know we are, not just kind of, Dick," I said sharply.

"Well, we love each other?"

"Yes, Dick."

"How much do you love me, Mary Alice?"

"I love you so much, Dick," I answered, "that life without you wouldn't be worth living. How much do you love me?"

"Bushels," said Dick, and hugged me.

"That's silly."

"I love you so much, Mary Alice, that unless this terrible business is cleared up and me and mine come off scott free, our engagement is broken and I'm a lone wanderer on the face of the earth."

"That is silly, too, Dick," I said sadly.

"Silly or not, it's the truth," said Dick. "Do you think I'm cad enough to drag a girl down with me?"

"But you didn't do it, Dick."

"Who do you think did?" asked Dick

"Ben Rider."

"O, pshaw!" said Dick.

"Then who did? Your father struck Ben Rider, or rather Cousin Joe—but he thought it was your father. There was talk of murder then. The Black Hills people were all up in arms."

"They kept on working the orchards," said Dick.

"O, pshaw!" I said. "That was a blind"

"Rags never would have let him," said Dick, dejectedly.

"Dick, you think you know who did it? It wasn't Fanny. She would destroy a paper, but she wouldn't commit murder; she couldn't."

"No, she couldn't," agreed Dick.

"Dick," I cried out in wild alarm, "you don't think, you can't think—O, not your mother, Dick?"

He covered his face with his hands and groaned.

I put my arms around his convulsive shoulders.

"Why did you ever come to Trouble Enough, little brown girl?" he said after awhile, his voice husky with emotion. "You had all the world to choose."

"I hadn't, Dick; I didn't know, but he knew; your father knew—I was poor and he took me in."

"That place is cursed," said Dick. "If dishonor comes to our name then happiness ends for me. I won't be Young Dick much longer. I pulled more than one gray hair from my head yesterday. I tell you what I'll be: Young Wild Dick. Maybe I'm that already. It doesn't do for a man of my temperament to hang around in hiding."

"Come out," I pleaded.

"It wouldn't be wise."

"What have you done with the detective, Dick?"

"I didn't show you all the wonders of Trouble Enough," said Young Dick:" we never even climbed our mountain. Well, we have a cave."

"And you've put him in it?"

"I have—I'm a strong, strong man: I stripped him of his outer garments and put him in it. The fellow's brave and can see a joke. I think he laughed."

"Perhaps he was wondering how you would be received."

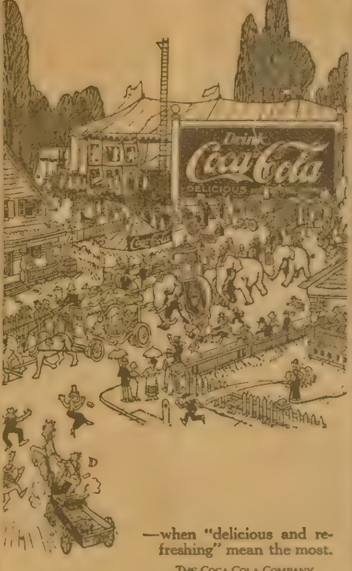
'It's a pity he couldn't have seen my reception. Well, he's in our cave; and I've got to show you where it is and explain to you how you can open it without giving yourself away as the opener. When we're in the region I'll disappear into my dressing-room and change my clothes."

I waited on another mossy log until Young Dick had changed his clothes. He came back to me my very own. Clothes do make a difference. He left me again to put the detective's clothes outside the door of the cave, and this time when he returned he gave me my lesson. I was to stand above a certain rock and behind another and pull a wire that seemed to disappear into a hole in the ground, and thereby open the cave door; then I was to run for my life to my home. I was never to give away my action to any court of law or equity.

The darkness was creeping over Trouble Enough when I pulled the wire and fled. Young Dick, before leaving, had told me that he would see us all again unless they changed the detective on us. There was no change. You would never have known to look at Harry Scott that anything out of the common had occurred. He had indeed a rare talent.

But we women of Trouble Enough began to grow nervous, especially after Young Dick repeated his visit. I was so afraid that Great Scott would find out that I was the person who released him from his prison. I was glad that Young Dick had not shown me the opening into the cave. He said there was a

(Continued on Page 14.)



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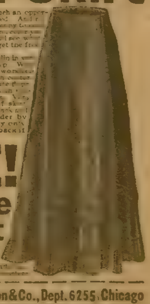

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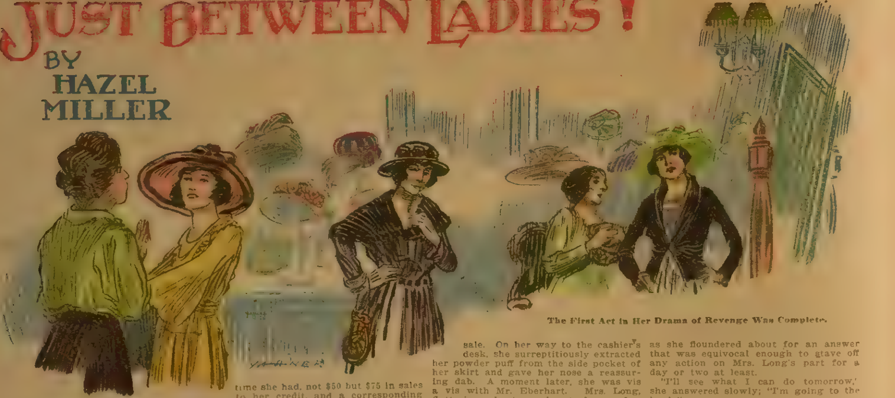

The First Act in Her Drama of Revenge Was Complete.

IT WAS ten-thirty of a Saturday night. The lights in Madame Leonore's hat shop blinked sleepily and one by one faded out. Save for an electric bulb that burned in the cashier's cage, the shop was in darkness. Madame Leonore—otherwise known as Lena Jones, widow of ten years' standing—sat behind the grating thumbing the day's receipts and wearily adding up the stubs of each girl's sales checks.

"Miss Hammell, you get a dollar extra. So does your friend, Therese. You both sold more than fifty dollars' worth." It was Madame Leonore talking.

Mrs. Long, head saleslady by right of seniority in service, cast a vicious glance over her shoulder at the offenders. What right had Lena Jones to discriminate against her in favor of these two upstarts? Neither of them had gotten their fifty-dollar sales any too honestly. On five separate occasions when she had planted herself in the chair closest the street door, they had, by short-cut maneuvers and strategy, outwitted her and reached the customers ahead of her. A few times, too, when acquaintances of hers had come in to buy hats and she was busy, Lena Jones had asked either Therese or Miss Hammell to wait on them. As a result, after handling a couple of dozen fractious, would-be purchasers, Mrs. Long's nerves and temper had frazzled badly and her sales had not come up to expectations. In fact, Lena Jones had intimated as much while scanning her sales stubs, and Mrs. Long was wroth. In Mrs. Long's own language, that was the nerve of a brass monkey! She waxed bitter the more she thought about it. It was capitalism, pure and simple, that's what it was. Mrs. Long's mind bridged the illogical gap without the least inconvenience. All the way home she mulled over the injustice of it, until Lena Jones had assumed the proportions of an ogress whose forte in life was to make the lot of the poor wage slaves under her burdensome and bereft of [illegible]

"It's the system," she muttered. "Madame has money; I have none. But——" she paused, while an idea, full-grown and bristling with possibilities, sprang to the fore—— "but I want some, and I know how to get it."

It was no secret among the salesladies that Madame Leonore was casting about for another husband. Indeed, Mrs. Long knew that Lena Jones had been on the matrimonial lookout for the last nine and a half years. In the darkness, Mrs. Long, champion customer-snatcher of Madame Leonore's hat shop, came as near grinning as possible for her. Now, if she could——her thoughts trailed off. It was not that she loved Madame Leonore the more, but, everything considered, it would be to her—Mrs. Freida Long's—advantage to make capital of the fact that Philander Eberhart, rich, good looking and altogether unobjectionable, was as anxious to marry as was Lena Jones herself.

ON MONDAY she mentioned his name—quite casually, of course—to Madame. Incidentally, she garnished it with a few spicy and savory details about his wealth, his figure and his desire for matrimony. Thereafter Lena Jones—otherwise Madame Leonore—with a far-away look in her eye, ignored Miss Hammell and Therese and dropped the sugar-plum sales in Mrs. Long's lap. At closing time she had, not $50 but $75 in sales to her credit, and a corresponding bonus of $1.50 added to her day's pay.

But she was playing for bigger stakes. Among the several hundred things that Mrs. Long and her worthless, propaganda spreading husband wanted, was a little bungalow on the west side of the town near the river. You know the kind—$525 down and $20 a month for the rest of your life. The Longs had come within $500 of their objective, then had stopped; or, as Mrs. Long insisted, had been stopped by the ceaseless, thumb-screw methods of the purveyors of meats, fresh fruits and vegetables, and their capitalistic overlords, the meat packers and the commission merchants.

That failure had served only to increase the Longs' radicalism. Mr. Long advocated force, but his wife was more crafty. She believed in diplomacy—the kind that is spoken of as secret—and so, after sundry other references to Phillander Eberhart in the presence of Lena Jones, she broached the subject of the bungalow and elaborated on the impossibility of ever accumulating enough in the face of the high cost of food, clothing and what not, to buy as much as a half dozen bricks, let alone an entire house.

Having successfully baited her trap, she waited for Madame Leonore to make the next move. Madame did. May it be said to her credit, she recognized it as a trap and walked into it, unafraid. The spring season had been unusually good. The stock of millinery, garnered from wholesale houses in St. Louis and Chicago, had been thrice replenished. Hats that cost her $4 and $5—including trimmings and labor—were retailed for $9 and $10. And there had been some two thousand odd sold. The profits are easily figured.

After Mrs. Long had mentioned the bungalow four times, and Mr. Eberhart so many that Madame had lost count, she expressed her willingness, in view of the circumstances, to produce the requisite five hundred IF——

The upshot was that on Saturday night Mrs. Long met Mr. Eberhart during her supper hour and, over a cup of coffee and a hot dog sandwich in Briggs' combination lunchroom and billiard hall, she told him all about Madame, her store, and last, but best of all, the daily receipts of same. Besides, as she stated, tho Madame wasn't a good looker, she knew how to dress, which was something. On the whole, Philander was well satisfied. What more could he ask? Lena Jones had a flourishing business and was presentable. He let himself be persuaded into accompanying Mrs. Long back to the hat shop.

Madame Leonore, intent on showing a probable customer the value of a certain handmade hat, was startled by his somewhat unexpected appearance on the scene. Indeed, tho her tongue was busy with the relative merits of satin soleil and Lyons velvet, a small voice set up an agitated whisper somewhere in the inner recesses of her head.

"GRACIOUS goodness!" it kept on repeating, "why didn't she say she was going to bring him in here tonight? My nose is shiny, and there's a strand of hair loose over my right ear. I wish I'd taken the time to fix it. I know I'm a fright. Oh, if I could only get at my puff." And, in the meanwhile, her tongue continued: "Yes, madam, we buy the soleil and paste it on. It's much smoother that way. My, yes," in response to a query, "it wears quite as well as the velvet and it's so much smarter looking."

Madame, in spite of the interference from the inner voice managed to close the sale. On her way to the cashier's desk, she surreptitiously extracted her powder puff from the side pocket of her skirt and gave her nose a reassuring dab. A moment later, she was vis a vis with Mr. Eberhart. Mrs. Long, fluttering about nearby, took a few steps in their direction.

"Madame," she said in her suavest tones—Mrs. Long knew how to be suave when she wanted to—"this is Mr. Eberhart. You've often heard me speak of him." Then she fluttered away again, as she had come.

What Mr. Eberhart said to Lena Jones, or she to him, was lost in the whirr of sales talk, the opening and shutting of cases and the restless movement of many feet. Suffice it to say that both were apparently satisfied; he with the volume of trade which flowed in and out of the store; she with his white hair, fine bearing and well-fitting clothes. Also—tho this wasn't known either to Philander or Mrs. Long—with his rating in Dun's. For Madame Leonore was a business woman, first, last and all the time, and when she invested five hundred dollars in any enterprise, she wanted to make sure that the sum would yield fair dividends.

It chanced, however, tho Mrs. Long was asked to accompany them to the minister's not more than two months afterward, that the five hundred dollars was not immediately forthcoming. And this after the Longs had bought a building site and the contractor had laid the foundation for the bungalow. Not that the Longs had been hasty, or that Madame Leonore had no intention of paying her honest debts. Far from it! Only a chain of circumstances—truly unforeseen—had contrived to prevent the payment.

For one thing, Madame had decided to enlarge her store, and it was taking more money than she had counted on; for another, Philander had shown her how she could make a tidy amount by buying some woolens at auction and selling them later at regular prices.

She explained this at great length to Mrs. Long, and, as an extra compensation, Madame promised her twenty-five dollars more than the stipulated sum, if she would have patience. All things being equal, Mrs. Long consented—there was really nothing else for her to do—tho not without reluctance. But a week later, her eyes glittering with suppressed excitement, she faced Mrs. Eberhart in her bivouac, the workroom, where she was intrenched behind four hats and a mass of variegated trimming. It was noon hour, and the regular trimmer and her preparer were out to lunch.

"I've got to have some money," she began, desperately. "The contractor sa[illegible]——

MRS. EBERHART eyed her coldly. Then, in an incisive voice, she said: "I believe we agreed upon a later payment."

"Yes, but the contractor——"

"It isn't my fault if you rushed ahead with the building. I never do things without first having the money to do them." Madame Leonore cut in. Her tone was meant to wither Mrs. Long, but it failed its purpose.

Mrs. Long was spurred by pinching necessity. Incidentally, in addition to the importunities of the contractor, she had had to bear the brunt of her husband's taunts for being what he termed an easy mark. Her eyes narrowed, so that their black fringes almost met. She smiled, a wholly unpleasant, sinister smile that gave Madame Leonore pause.

"Well, if you can't get it for me, maybe Mr. Eberhart will," she said coolly tapping the work table with her pencil.

It was not a threat—not e[illegible]tly—but it held dire possibilities Madame didn't care to meet them. Her face reddened as she floundered about for an answer that was equivocal enough to stave off any action on Mrs. Long's part for a day or two at least.

"I'll see what I can do tomorrow," she answered slowly; "I'm going to the bank."

The tension laxed. Mrs. Long's smile became almost natural.

"All right," she agreed amiably, "I'll expect to hear from you late tomorrow afternoon."

For refined torture, Democles' sword was not a whit worse than Mrs. Long's ominous allusions to Mr. Eberhart. All day long, and next, Madame Leonore cogitated it. She knew that the chances of raising $500 without making her husband suspicious were less than poor. With the first of the month not far off, and rent and electric light bills falling due—not to speak of the weekly payroll—what little surplus she carried in her checking account would be wiped out. Besides, the season for straw hats had not yet begun. Mrs. Long had caught her between two fires. It was only after an hour's juggling with the figures in her bank book that she drew $50 to give to Mrs. Long.

Mrs. Long took them with poor grace. She had hoped for the full $500, and here was Madame offering her a tenth part. She glanced angrily at Mrs. Eberhart, who had just entered the shop a moment before, fashionably attired in a cloth dress and a hip length cape of mole, whose value she could only guess. It had been a gift from Philander when they had been honeymooning in the East.

Some of the unreasoning class hatred engendered by her husband's constant bickerings bubbled to the surface at the sight of the garment. Why, it alone was worth enough to satisfy her need! And Madame had several diamond rings, too. She let her eyes dwell on them until the whole shop evolved itself into a glittering mass, in which she was a prisoner, and Madame her keeper. These baubles—the rings and the fur cape—were emblematic of Madame's position in the world. They were the line of demar[illegible]tion between employer and wage sla[illegible]

Furious, she turned her back on Madame, who had taken off the fur and laid it on a chair near one of the cases. Her fingers opened and shut convulsively, and, then and there, in the turmoil and strife of her emotion, was born a new resolution. If Madame would not, or could not, give her her due peaceably, she would get it willy-nilly. With that thought she left the shop for supper in Briggs' lunch room.

IT WOULD seem that the simple expedient of going to Mr. Eberhart, as she had threatened, and baring his wife's part in the contract, might have produced the remaining $450. But there was one serious objection to such action. Mr. Philander Eberhart already had made her a handsome money gift on the consummation of his marriage—a sum which she had forthwith spent for a second-hand piano-player, now installed in her small bedroom-living room over a shop on West Fourteenth street.

However, Mrs. Long was resourceful. Continued contact with Madame Leonore had taught her many things, among them that Madame was extremely careless with her belongings. She had evidenced just such a bit of carelessness before leaving for supper, and she meant to profit by it. Before she returned to the hat shop she had called upon Mrs. Hermann, an old crony and neighbor, to solicit her aid.

Mrs. Herrmann's flat, a few blocks down Twelfth street, was a rendezvous for characters of the ilk of Mrs. Long and for others, still more unsavory, [illegible] livelihood was a matter of conjecture. Indeed, one time it had been noised about that Mrs. Herrmann herself, during her palmier days, had established quite a reputation for herself among the light-fingered gentry. But these were only rumors, the truth of which Mrs. Long could in no way attest. However, in Mrs. Herrmann she found a ready and willing helper, and when she left the flat she was well satisfied.

A detour down a dark street and a few minutes' walk westward brought her back to the shop. She saw that the store was crowded, as she hurried thru the side entrance and hung up her coat and hat in the workshop. As she emerged she did not fail to notice that the fur cape was still where Madame had left it—on a chair near one of the cases. A few minutes later Mrs. Herrmann entered, tho Mrs. Long feigned not to see her. Then a customer claimed her attention and she forgot about the cape for the time being.

When she looked again it was gone. Mrs. Long smiled. The first act in her drama of revenge was complete. She rang down the curtain by entering the workroom and taking her hat and coat from the nail where she had left them. She was ready to go home.

Precipitately, Madame Leonore followed her, attended by three of the saleswomen.

"My cape," she wailed, "somebody's taken it. Did you see who did it?"

Mrs. Long shook her head and Madame after indulging in many audible asides on what Mr. Eberhart would say when he found it was gone, left for her flat, a pitiable figure. Of course, as was to be expected, Philander was angry, terribly so. The cape had cost him nearly two months' income, and not a few heartbreaks in parting with it, and he was not the kind to bear such a loss lightly. For two days he did not deign to talk to his wife, and she, in desperation, inserted an advertisement in the lost and found column of the "Daily Mail," offering $150 for its return, and no questions asked.

THE advertisement gave Mrs. Long her cue. She was shrewd after the manner of her kind, and being able to read Mrs. Eberhart like an open-face watch, she figured that that lady would not care to risk losing Philander further by an expose of her methods in making him her husband. Therefore, just before supper, she approached her employer and flatly asked for the remaining sum, plus the additional twenty-five that had been promised her for waiting after the wedding date.

Madame Leonore regarded her with exasperation that was not mixed with poorly hidden fear. She had been expecting just such a move ever since the cape had been stolen, but she was not prepared to comply with the demand. In fact, she was really stunned. After a fashion, she tried to convey to Mrs. Long the impossibility of meeting her request, but Mrs. Long refused to listen. Hardly knowing what she said, Madame Leonore mumbled something about after supper. At that moment she was sick of the whole harassing business. Indeed, she was thinking how apt was the old, if inelegant adage about lying down with the dogs and getting up with the fleas. She wished she had never seen Mrs. Long, or heard about Philander Eberhart.

So she had promised to bring the money after supper! Madame Leonore had no more idea how she was going to conjure up the four hundred and seventy-five dollars with which to pay Mrs. Long than had the poodle dog which greeted her noisily when she entered her apartment fifteen minutes later. As luck would have it, Philander was gone. Madame Leonore found a few scribbled words on a torn envelope on his desk to the effect that he was out on the trail of the lost cape.

"[illegible]," she [illegible]ered, fingering the scrap of paper absently. "[illegible] of [illegible]ing it—about like my own when it comes to getting Mrs. Long fixed up."

She glanced down on the desk, and there, before her, lay Philander's black memorandum book. . . . She hadn't noticed it before . . . Philander must have forgotten it . . . With wifely curiosity, she picked it up and began turning the pages with half-hearted interest. Pages 3 and 4 were blank . . . Then there was an entry . . . What was that? Mrs. Eberhart looked at it twice to make sure that she had seen aright. Then very deliberately, she put down the book, went into the kitchen, poured out a half pint of cream for the poodle's supper, made a dish of scrambled eggs for herself and was off for the shop.

Mrs. Long was waiting for her. A gentle, persistant rain had begun to descend, and the shop was deserted. Not that Madame Leonore cared. At that precise second, she would not have cared had the rain been falling for a week and robbed her of all her business. Pausing at the pier glass long enough to give her hair an extra fluffing, her nose another modicum of powder, she watched Mrs. Long tapping the counter-case feverishly. With great satisfaction and deliberation, she wielded her lip stick, then was ready to face her employe.

Madame Leonore glided by the wall cases and came to a halt. She smiled flashing two rows of even white teeth, that would have been the envy of any model for tooth paste ads.

"After tonight," she purred sweetly, "I don't need you. I'll give you what's due for the rest of the week, and you may have the time to look around for something else."

MRS. LONG blinked. Not wanted? She couldn't understand. Once or twice she opened her mouth to speak, but no words came. They were too tangled up with astonishment for articulation. But tho her tongue did not function her brain soon resumed its normal activity. All of a sudden she knew the truth. Madame Leonore had found out, somehow or other, about the little present from Philander. The well-known cat was out of the much-advertised bag. Mrs. Long knew when to retreat. Without a word she entered the workshop, put on her hat and coat and took the check Madame Leonore handed her as she left the shop.

However, there still remained Mrs. Herrmann and the mole cape. Mrs. Long wasn't thru—not by the eye of the sacred cat was she finished! The cape wouldn't be returned—not if she had anything to say about it. As she felt her way up the three flights of stairs to Mrs. Herrmann's flat she planned on selling the cape, on having it cut over for her own use—Mr. Long had once been a furrier—and on insisting on two-thirds of the reward, should Mrs. Herrmann be obdurate about garnering some recompense for her trouble.

A knock at the door was answered by Mrs. Herrmann herself. She stared coldly at Mrs. Long; she even neglected to ask her to enter. In a few words—a very few, indeed—Mrs. Long stated her errand. She was hardly prepared for what followed. Mrs. Herrmann, after a string of oaths that would have done credit to a stevedore, banged the door in her face.

For a split second Mrs. Long stood perfectly quiet; then breaking under the unwonted strain of disappointment and bewilderment, she kicked at the door with her heels and shouted curses at the top of her voice. If anything, she had a shade the better of Mrs. Herrmann and the stevedore.

The rooming-house keeper again opened the door—this time so precipitately that Mrs. Long almost pitched against her. In the ensuing melee Mrs. Herrmann went down for the count. Triumphantly, Mrs. Long stood over her nursing a fast swelling and discolored eye with one hand.

"Now, you dirty, thievin', lowlife, you

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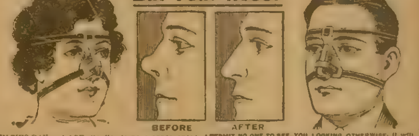

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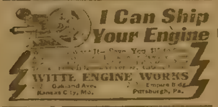
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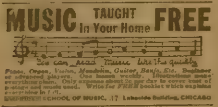
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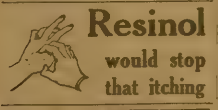
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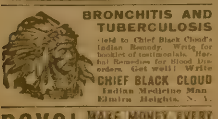
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tell me the meanin' of this," she commanded ferociously.

Mrs. Herrmann did. It appeared that she had never gotten the mole cape—that Mrs. Long had led her on a wild goose chase, so to speak. There had been no cape when she—Mrs. Herrmann—had entered the shop.

"No mole cape?" echoed Mrs. Long. "What became of it, then?"

"Yu c'n, search me," answered her erstwhile partner in deviltry, "but, lemme tell you sum'tin'. There ain't no use no more comin' to me for help. I'm t'roo. Get me?"

Mrs. Long did. What was more, before she departed she voiced her poor opinion of shop-lifters in general and of Mrs. Herrmann in particular. She was positive that Mrs. Herrmann had framed on her, but she had no recourse.

However, had she been in Madame Leonore's hat shop that same evening she would have changed her mind. About 9 o'clock, after the first flush of Madame's victory had faded to a paler hue, his hat at a debonair angle, a smile like Sunny Jim's wreathing his face, Philander entered.

"I've got it, Lee," he whispered excitedly. "The cape! Guess where!"

Madame couldn't guess.

"In the closet!"

"What closet?" Madame gasped.

"The one off the front bedroom. You know, the wash woman was here that evening. You remember? I gave her the key to get the clothes. She saw the fur cape on the chair near the door, and took it home with her and hung it in the tar bag. Says she was afraid——"

But Madame waited to hear no more. As fast as high French heels and tight skirts would let her, she ran to her flat, and there, with the cape in her arms, she forgot her fear of wrinkles and let her emotions, variable as the April weather, express themselves as she buried her face in its folds.

Trouble Enough

(Continued From Page 11)

concealed door; you'd think you were just looking at a hole in the rocks. We were so afraid of the detective deceiving us into thinking he was Young Dick. We almost always gave Young Dick a cool reception—and once, this was awful—if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget it—one day I thought Young Dick had come home—it was in the woods—and I wasn't going to give him a cool reception—and I rushed up and threw my arms around his neck—and it wasn't his neck, it was Harry Scott's.

"Pardon," he said, "you've got hold of the wrong one," and he turned as red as a beet as I jumped back as if I had been stung. I turned red as a beet, too, and I was furious.

"I cannot stand this mad excitement," said Cousin Christine, breaking down and sobbing like a baby. "I don't know my own son when I see him. I take that horrible low base-born man for Dick. What did I ever do that God should punish me like this?" Then she would cry out in self-condemnation, "Plenty, plenty, plenty," and nobody could console her.

THERE was another visitor who disturbed us, but in a very different way. It was Tom Jamieson. We always thought he came to bring news of Cousin Dick. He seemed to tell the same old tale of failure as if he were giving us news; how this institution had been searched and that institution had been searched; how the small places were being diligently investigated and no stones left unturned, etc., etc. He always insisted on walking thru the woods with me to tell it all again.

"But why doesn't somebody do something?" I cried out in exasperation at the end of one of these visits.

"Why, I'm doing all I can," said Tom. "Don't I come down here quite often, and don't you see how I'm working, not leaving a stone unturned?"

"But it doesn't do any good just to turn the stones," I said. I was tired of it all.

"Look here," said Tom, "this thing is getting on your nerves. Why don't you get away? I know lots of nice people who would be glad to have you with them, put you right in with their girls and see that you had a good time."

"You're very kind," I said, but I said it dully.

"Indeed, indeed, I wish with all my heart and soul that I could find him," said Tom. "I've thinking about the matter. Why in the world do you all think my poor father got rid of him?"

"He personated him," I said; "he must have got rid of him. I don't think he would have dared to personate Cousin Dick if he thought there was danger of his turning up. He must have known he was safe out of his way."

"There's something in that," said Tom.

"Why didn't you keep your father home?" I cried. "Why did you let him come down here visiting?"

"We didn't know—I thought you knew that," said Tom, stupidly. "I thought you knew he was being taken to the hospital and escaped with the papers."

"Then go and find the papers," I said, "for there is where you'll find poor Cousin Dick. He has done wicked things and he hated his son, but I was poor and he took me in and didn't let me know. Go and find your father's papers and bring Cousin Dick home. Haven't we trouble enough?"

"Indeed, you have," said Tom. "I'll get a fresh move on me and try my level best. I'll be down again."

I met somebody else in the woods before my tears were dry, for after Tom had bidden me goodby I lingered on that mossy stump. I was more kin to the woods than to people, it seemed to me, and I loved the woods far better than a house. I met this somebody else and he had wonderful eyes, but I had thrown my arms around Great Scott, and so I had to wait—and then I was sobbing in Young Dick's arms. I was very, very tired of it all.

"Poor little brown girl," said Dick, "why can't we fly away and never come back?"

"I'll do it, Dick, if you say so," I sobbed.

"I am almost mean and miserable enough to do it," said Dick, "almost, but, thank God, not quite. There's still a bit of the Christian in me."

"Your mother wouldn't care, Dick," I said. That was the news I had for him. Cousin Christine was so worn and weary that she kept her bed. The doctors said it was nervous prostration. She ate and slept and cried and thought only of herself. They were going to get a trained nurse and send her down to the sea. "Let's fly away together when she goes to the sea," I suggested.

"Where would we fly?" asked Young Dick.

"Anywhere, only very far away."

HE SAT in moody silence.

"I'm tired opening the cave door to let that man out," I said. "It's the same thing over and over and over—and we're just where we were in the beginning. Young Dick, why don't you go find your father?"

"I thought we were to fly away," said Young Dick.

"The world is very miserable," I said. "I wish your father'd come home and chase him off."

"Who?"

"That man."

"Why? What has he done now?"

"He hasn't done anything; he's like all the rest, and I thought he'd be good. But I—O, Dick, I put my arms around his neck—I—I thought he was you."

I expected Young Dick to fly into a passion at this; I was not sure he would not give me permission to open the cave; I was afraid he would say "Let the wretch stay there and rot." Instead he roared with laughter.

"Well!" I cried.

"Now, you're mad as a hornet," said Dick, having stopped laughing with difficulty. "Now I bet you're not ready to fly anywhere."

"Not with you," I said.

"I say," cried Dick, feeling suddenly that he had a right to be indignant, "pray, with whom would you fly if not with me, Mary Alice?"

"By myself," I said, and began to cry. Then he cuddled me close to his side and we talked and talked. I loved his arms around me—I loved to hear him tell me that he loved me very dearly; I didn't mind even that he loved me better than his soul—but, like all the rest of it, it was the same thing over, and would lead to nothing.

I opened the door of the cave that evening and ran to the house. I thought that I ran as fast as usual; it may be that I did, and that the man who followed me ran faster, for I wasn't out of the woods before I was overtaken.

"How long is this new game going to keep up?" asked the detective.

"I don't know what you are talking about," I answered.

"How many more times is Young Dick going to throw me into his dungeon and you let me out?"

"You cannot prove that I let you out," I said.

"Oh, can't I?" he laughed cynically.

"In no court of law or equity," I said, "can you prove that I let you out."

"If I had some education I believe I could write a thrilling tale," said Harry Scott.

But I wasn't going to walk and talk with him. I gave a cool little bow and was about to run on ahead.

"I'd like to ask you a few questions, please, Miss Littlepage," he said in a tone of authority.

"What about?"

"Not the cave," he said, suppressing a smile.

"Well, don't take long," I ordered, "I have other things to do."

"Your cousin was down recently. Did he bring any news of Mr. Jamieson?"

"He did not."

"Strange," he said. He looked anxious and worried and so dead in earnest that I became polite.

"I wish somebody would find him," I said. "Don't you know a detective smart enough to find him? I would pay him well."

"I cannot say I do," he said. "I really thought I was acquainted with one good detective"—he smiled and tapped his breast—"but I'm afraid I'll have to confess I don't know any, for—your cousin, Young Dick, didn't commit the crime."

I held out both hands to him. He smiled and took one of them and gave it a good American handshake.

"I, too, wish we could find your Cousin Dick."

"You prove that Young Dick didn't do it and then you go and find his father," I cried. "His mother didn't do it, either, you know that?"

"But the son thinks she did," he cried.

"And——" I faltered.

"She thinks he did it," he said. "But thinking doesn't count."

I tried to persuade him to go ahead, to let the world see that he could wind up affairs; I flattered; I cajoled—to no avail.

"I'll stay on a while," he said, "and that rascally Young Dick—excuse me—will dump me into dampness whenever he sees fit—and I'll let him do it—but I needn't—I'm stronger than he, and I'm armed and have authority—then after a while, perhaps, I'll give up, disgusted, and they'll put another man on the job."

CHAPTER XII.

FANNY USURPS THE STAGE

"DICK! Dick! You're awful!"

He had spent the night at Trouble Enough, and here he was in the hall, holding me in his arms and snatching a kiss.

"Why awful?" he asked, letting go of me and standing respectfully before me, his tone authoritative like, like that of the detective."

"That poor, poor man! Dick, he'll kill you."

"I made him a bed," said Dick. "Don't tell me he isn't enjoying himself, wondering when he'll be let out."

"He knows I do it," I said.

This frightened Young Dick. He must have an explanation. I was afraid to make it full, for, while this latest of our detectives believed in my cousin's innocence, the next one that came might

(Continued on Page 18.)

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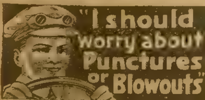
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Queered in the Quaker City

(Continued From Page 4)

rose-colored wrap of some sort, with a collar of fur that framed her smiling face and golden hair as an artist would have framed it. Her slim, silk-sheathed ankles, her pretty, pink-tipped fingers, the faintly-elusive fragrance of her. God! how he had suffered that she might be spared it. In his code the fact that she failed to return his affection would not have excused him for not making the sacrifice he had made. Friends die for each other, and she was more than any friend to him —

Kelvin walked to the window, staring blindly down into Broad street. Across the way the lights of the Ritz-Carlton, the Forrest Theater, the North American Building, winked at him, blurring under his unseeing eyes.

He thought of the last night Marion and he had been together; of the big red library, and the slim girl reclining in the cushioned chair. She had been ill, was hardly more than convalescent now, and the same old thrill came back to Kelvin's heart as he remembered. She was talking of her brother, whom, tho he held a confidential position with the Quaker City company, Dave had never met. Stannard was playing the foolish role of the man about town, and the reports that had come to Kelvin's ears were anything but favorable.

"I wish you would look him up and help him a little, if you can," Marion had said with a tremulous little laugh. "He is like the other young men of his age—thoughtless, even a little selfish, perhaps, in his cross-country gallop after pleasure, but he is good, and if he ever got into trouble—it would break my heart."

And Kelvin had promised that he would do anything and everything in his power to keep Jack Stannard on the straight and narrow path, or do what he could to help out if trouble came.

IT CAME sooner than he expected. The next morning old Theodore Steuermann called Dave into his private office and informed him that $10,000 of the company's money was missing. Three men had handled it. One proved his innocence. So the theft lay between Kelvin and Stannard. Which one had committed it? Steuermann added that if restitution was made there would be no criminal procedure.

To save the girl he loved the heartbreak that would be hers if Stannard's guilt was known, Dave turned over practically every dollar he owned to the Quaker City Engineering Company, and tacitly branded himself as a thief. Steuermann, with an innate lack of feeling characteristic of him, saw to it that Miss Stannard was informed. When Kelvin called she declined to see him, and Dave fled for the West, and attempted forgetfulness.

That sort of chivalry was very picturesque, no doubt, but it cost him his career—set him adrift at 25, with a profession. Steuermann had warned Miss Stannard against him. He had little money—was a man in the prime of life and ambitious; a just, generous, sensitive man, whose career had been blasted because he loved too generously. Now he was a public performer, a bicycle rider in the pay of a cheap sporting man.

It was growing late. The closeness of the room stifled him. He switched off the light and took the elevator down to the rotunda. There were too many people, too many lights, too much talk and laughter. Kelvin wanted to be alone in the cool night, and the clatter bothered him. Besides, he did not want to be recognized.

Broad street was packed with the after-theater crowds. Motor cars streamed in both directions, and in limousine and touring car, on the sidewalk and hotel steps, Kelvin caught glimpses of pretty faces, faces gay and faces stern. They came from the darkness into the light and disappeared into the darkness again as his hopes had done.

A sudden love for the city swelled up within him. Let New York, with her better-than-thou manner, scoff if she would. The Big Town's mad haste was merely superficial. Philadelphia accomplished as much in her more methodical way, and her people were the kindest and her atmosphere the most home-like in all the world.

Musing there on the steps of the Bellevue-Stratford, he caught glimpses of many men he had known in the past. He was glad they did not recognize him, but, at last, one rotund man with a scrubby mustache, looked at him rather sharply, detached himself from the crowd and came up the steps.

"Hello, Kelvin," he said, "when did you get back?"

Dave knew him as a gentleman he had met several times at various semi-public gatherings. On the spur of the moment he decided not to divulge his identity.

"I beg your pardon," he said cooly. "My name is Caldwell."

The face of the scrubby-mustached man fell.

"Aren't you Mr. Kelvin, the electrical engineer?"

"I am Dave Caldwell—motor-paced racer."

"Well, by George!" said the other, perplexed. "It's the most remarkable resemblance I ever saw. I beg your pardon, Mr. Caldwell."

When he had gone a rather handsome young fellow in evening clothes, who paused opposite them just as Dave declared himself, came over, and spoke to him.

"So you're Caldwell, eh?" he asked cordially. "I'm glad to see you. Some of the newspaper boys told me you were stopping here. I've taken such a fancy to motor-paced racing that I go down to Point Breeze every day and work out. It isn't a question of money, you know, but the thrill of the game gripped me. So, when the sporting writers said you were the greatest rider the West had developed, naturally I wanted to meet you."

Kelvin smiled. "I think the sporting writers are a little too enthusiastic. I have not ridden more than a half-dozen races in my whole life."

"You will soon have the opportunity of testing your mettle down at the Point. Bobby Walters, the Southern sprint champion; Clarence Carstairs, the international title holder, Phil Wiley, Henri Didier, and all the rest of the stars, are at the motordrome. By the way, it's early yet—scarcely 11—what do you say to a ride? I have my machine outside, and we can take a little spin thru the park, or wherever else you wish."

The monotony had begun to pall on Kelvin, and the prospect of a dash along the River Drive was alluring.

"I would be glad to, Mr.——"

The other man laughed, showing his strong white teeth. "Just like me to forget to introduce myself," he said. "My name is Stannard—Jack Stannard!"

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER SURPRISE

FOR fifteen solid minutes Kelvin sat beside Stannard as the big car wheeled out Market street, into the comparative obscurity of Twenty-second, thru the newly-completed Parkway, and down to the River Drive. This meeting with the man he had ruined himself

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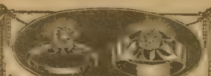

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Or those long and lonesome evenings at home when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

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to save possessed all the dramatic elements of surprise. In the shifting light he studied the blonde, aristocratic profile of Marion's brother. If there was a hint of weakness in the chin, and lines of dissipation rather than strength about his smiling mouth, there was nothing of the criminal in his features.

"You should have been here last September," chattered Stannard, as the finger on his speedometer crept up to the 50 mark. 'Blue Streak' Jones set a record for the Fairmont Park race here. An unknown, you understand, and he outgamed the greatest drivers in the world ——"

"Yes?" said Kelvin, uninterestedly, and then in an effort to reconcile the curious chain of facts with logic, he asked. "How did you happen to get in the cycle racing game? I heard your name before—as connected with a certain—er—was it an engineering concern of some sort?"

A slight flush crept into Stannard's cheeks. "I was with the Quaker City Engineering Company, but when a distant relative obligingly died and left my sister and me a comfortable sum I decided to play the gentleman of leisure."

Kelvin nodded.

"A friend of Marion's had been in the game for some time, and his enthusiasm fired me. He made quite a reputation for himself in the West, I believe—why, by Jove! You may know him?"

"Possibly," agreed Dave. "What is his name?"

"Hector LeBaron."

LeBaron, eh? The daring but foul-riding Frenchman, a friend of Marion's! Well, no one could say that Fate did not have a cynically humorous way of arranging the destinies of mortals.

"Do you know him?" Stannard repeated.

As LeBaron had sworn to "get" him, on the track or off, the question sounded a trifle ironical to Dave. He nodded. "I met him in Placer City."

"Good stuff! LeBaron arrived from the West yesterday, and called to pay his respects to Marion. She took him with her to a dinner-dance the younger set is giving at the Belle Vue Hunt club. They're a gay bunch at the club——"

Kelvin winced. It hurt him to know that the girl for whom he had given up everything that a man treasures in the world was very probably in the arms of his worst enemy at that very moment. In his bitterness it seemed there was no right or justice in the scheme of things. The game was played with a stacked hand. What was the use to struggle? Then the rider shrugged his shoulders with a half-ashamed smile. He was a man, and men didn't quit under fire. He would fight it out if it took the rest of his life.

THE big machine sped up Lincoln Drive, past the brand new rows of ornate houses, now shrouded in the starry darkness. Stannard did not say where they were going, but a sudden, dreadful premonition gripped Kelvin.

"Where are we headed for, old man?" he asked.

"We'll cut over McCallum street, thru Germantown, and out to the club. It will only take half an hour, and they will be glad to see us."

So that was it! The man who had unknowingly benefited by his sacrifice wanted him to meet—the girl for whom the sacrifice had been made! Jove! What a story a novelist could make out of that. It was too unbelievable for real life. But it was out of the question for him to meet Marion again. It would be embarrassing for her—painful for him. Painful, because the ghost of hope still lingered, whispering that some day, perhaps, he might——

Kelvin shook his head. "It's kind of you, Stannard, but I really don't care to go."

That was all. If Stannard was disappointed he was too well bred to show it, or even ask the reason for his guest's declination. He piloted the car in a circle and halted at the side of the road to light cigars.

Somewhere a soft-toned bell chimed 12. There were a few cars on Lincoln Drive, but the few were taking advantage of the Drive's desertion by racing. One of them came whipping around a curve now—a long, low-swung, gray car, running at a dangerous pace.

As it passed Stannard's machine a front tire blew out. Like a wounded thing, the gray car leaped convulsively to the side of the road. The man at the wheel made a desperate attempt to apply his brakes, but before they could stop the machine it had torn thru a hedge and was ripping up the turf of a well-kept lawn.

Neither of the car's occupants appeared to be injured, but Kelvin and Stannard, naturally solicitous, went over to see if they could be of any assistance. Dave was somewhat in the rear, and perhaps thirty feet from the recalcitrant machine when he heard his companion's voice ring out in a note of surprise.

"Marion! Well, if this isn't the—I thought you were at the Belle Vue Hunt."

"We were," answered a sweet voice that sent the old tingle and thrill along Kelvin's spine, "but it was rather boring, so I asked Monseur LeBaron to take me home. What are you doing 'way out here, Jack?"

"I was bringing a friend of mine—Dave Caldwell—up to the club. I want you to meet him, Marion."

In spite of his resistance the moment had come. It was too late for Kelvin to do anything but step forward in Stannard's wake. And there, under the dim glow of summer stars, with the big gray automobile leaning rakishly in the gutter it had dug, and the white arc lamp on the corner spluttering at them, he came face to face with Marion Stannard for the first time in two years.

The girl leaned from the car, hand outstretched, to greet her brother's friend, and under the magic of the starlight she looked prettier than ever. LeBaron, not wishing to meet the man he hated, commenced tinkering with the ripped tire.

Kelvin, outwardly amiable and formal, came up to be presented. To school his features and manner to carelessness, and to look at the same time into the grave of all his hopes, called for a self-command foreign to his character. But even here in her presence he was not afraid of his ability to sustain that role.

Her fingers clasped his before she caught a glimpse of his face, and he felt them grow cold to their very tips. The color faded from her cheeks until she was as white as her gown.

"Dave!" she whispered, "Dave Kelvin!"

This meeting with Marion Stannard and Rowdy LeBaron was only the beginning of a series of trying incidents for the young racer. Life was to become very complicated for Dave Caldwell. Read in next week's Ledger how he proved his mettle.

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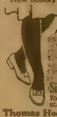

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Biggest seller ever introduced. No competition. Never before advertised. Not sold in stores. Sells all year round. No experience or capital needed. We deliver and collect. Commissions paid same day you take orders. Work spare time or full time. Walter Taylor, of Oregon, averages 9 sales a day. Write today for territory and samples.

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Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake. Be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

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Free Proof To You

J. C. Hutzell, R. P. DRUGGIST

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to **try** this treatment—that's all—**just try it.** That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I am President of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **twelve thousand five hundred** Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

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Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

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Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

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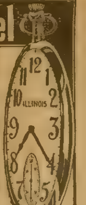

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Wash Away Skin Sores

Are you a sufferer from skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts, or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away? Then try D. D. D. Prescription, that soothing wash which gives instant relief the moment it is applied. Twenty-five years of success—thousands of letters from grateful patients recommend this doctors' prescription to you. Read a few of these letters picked at random:

Ten Year Misery Ended.

For ten years I have had a severe case of eczema and about one-third of that time I could not appear in public. I tried everything, but found no permanent relief until my druggist recommended D. D. D.

I beg every eczema sufferer to begin using D. D. D. at once and continue using it and feel sure that they will find permanent relief.

MISS MYRTLE HAHN, Nurse.
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After four years' suffering, D. D. D. gave me almost instant relief, and my legs that had been raw sores with eczema were perfectly smooth in four weeks. I used several preparations put up for eczema, but none ever did me any good until I tried D. D. D.

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I received your sample bottle of D. D. D. and it has done so much good I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and it cured me of the barbers' itch. I have had different doctors and I have spent $30.00. They all used salves but they didn't do me any good. I can't praise your D. D. D. too much.

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D.D.D.

THE Lotion for Skin Disease

A soothing wash composed of well known healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc.

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Send for Trial Bottle

Send your name and address for a generous trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. The first touch from this trial bottle will give you instant relief no matter how long you have suffered. Surely you will not hesitate to try this prescription in which so many have found welcome relief. Send today. Enclose ten cents to cover cover cost of packing and postage.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. 5014
3845 East Ravenswood Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Sample Hero Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism.

W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

Enlightening Her.

IT WAS easily seen that something was quite wrong with the situation. Instead of greeting the tall young man with the dotted tie as he had a right to expect, the girl with the cameo profile was more than faintly distant.

"Whatever is the trouble, Eugenia?" he demanded at once, when she gave him the tips of her fingers. "You aren't ill or anything?"

"I have just found out," she informed him, "that you don't really love me, Horace. You n-n-never did love me."

"Is that so-o-o?" he retorted, making a grab and kissing her soundly. "How did you find it out?"

"There isn't a bit of use of pretending," she insisted. "Every last woman at the club today insisted that if a man never was jealous of you it was merely because he didn't really care about you. And you aren't one bit jealous of me. You don't mind if I talk hours with another man or dance ten times with him and you've never sulked about it in the least. I was real proud of your being so different, when Jane told the agonies Harry made her suffer thru his awful jealousy—until they all explained the reason. It was just terribly embarrassing having all my friends tell me how mistaken I was in my idea of your affection. How could I have been so blind? What did you do it for?"

"Well, I declare!" the young man remarked affably. "Aren't they the clever things? Charting it all out and everything. If I had been there I should have told them that love, being an impalpable sort of affair, could not be figured out that way with pencil and paper."

"You may think it a joke," said the girl with the cameo profile, seating herself way across the room. "Mrs. Comeback was most convincing. She said she, having been married three times, knew more about the habits and nature of men than any scientist had ever discovered, and that it was the ingrained nature of a man to be fiercely jealous of his possessions. She said mortal mind never could know what she went thru with her first one, Mr. Griggs. He would turn purple if she smiled a shade too much when she bowed to another man and once he refused to eat for two days because she asked the groceryman if he had got over his hard cold."

"I'll bet he sneaked down to the pantry after she was asleep," said the unregenerate young man. "No matter how jealous he is a man has to eat. I must confess I haven't felt a jealous ripple——"

"Exactly," agreed the pretty girl reproachfully. "The more they talked, the more I sank into the background. It seemed that each one had something more curdling to relate than the one before, and there I sat, engaged and all that, without one single thing to demand sympathy for. Why, there were tears in almost every one's eyes when Tilly Hanover sighed and said she'd give the world if John would get over his absurd foolishness. She said he seemed to think that every other man on earth who looked at her was planning to elope with her and that life was unbearable. She was so proud when she told it!"

"Good for John!" applauded the young man. "He knows what makes Tilly happy. I expect if he smashes a chair now and then she is thrilled to death."

"You are taking this most peculiarly," she told him. "I'm not trying to amuse you. I am telling you that all this time you have been deceiving me. Maybe you are planning to run away with somebody yourself—are you? Alice Tillweather said her aunt was engaged to a man once and from what she said he acted a great deal as you have, perfectly calm and happy and never fussed, and what did he do but walk right off and get married to a girl in the next county nobody had ever heard of. He just didn't love her, you see. They said until a man has been married twenty years, if he loves his wife he is always jealous of her and that during his engagement he is ten times worse. Oh, they proved to me that you hadn't a particle of love for me and all was over."

"What a good time you must have had!" chuckled the young man. "Now that it has been proved to you that I am a gay deceiver and your life is wrecked, come on over here beside me and quit your kidding."

The pretty girl with the profile giggled as she obeyed.

"I thought I'd die, listening to them!" she confided into his coat collar. "Silly things! As tho I'd have you like any of those ridiculous men!"

* * *

Filial Admiration.

"YOU have acted in a decidedly ungentlemanly way, Augustus."

Thus spoke the father of Augustus when he found his son had stolen jam from the larder.

"It may not seem a very great crime to you, Augustus," continued his parent, "but little things lead to big things. The child is father to the man, my boy, and the little petty theft of today may be the great crime of tomorrow. Besides, Augustus, you were disobedient. You were forbidden to take jam, and you took it. Disobedience, Augustus, is the root of all evil. Remember that, my boy, and you will rise in the world to cast off the blur of commonplace duplicity."

As his father paused for breath Augustus turned a beaming face to his mother.

"Oh, ma!" he exclaimed, "isn't pa interesting?"

* * *

Skeptical.

"It's a fine piano," said Jones, in a hurry to sell it before his wife returned home. "It has an 88-note player."

"Uh-huh," commented the prospective customer, "and how many of these notes have been paid?"

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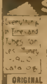
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I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to easily thread the needle in your sewing machine as well as the smallest-eyed needle you ever use—read the finest print—to see far or near—also to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision," 10-Karat, Gold-filled Spectacles are the best and the most handsome looking you have ever seen.

I know that once you try them you will not want to part with them at any price, and I am ready to trust to your honest judgment.

They Will Enable You to Read The Finest Print Thread A Small-Eyed Needle, or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

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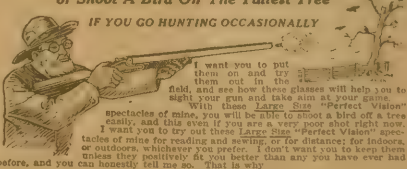

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With these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now. I want you to try out these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why

I Don't Want You To Send Me A Cent So You Have Nothing To Lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I agree to pay you $[illegible] only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolutely free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?......

Name ....

Post Office..........

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Corn Pain Stopped Quick

"Gets-It" Loosens Them So They Lift Off in A Jiffy.

The corn pains cease as soon as a few drops of "Gets-It" reach the corn. It goes out of the hurting business forever.

This Space Vacant
Corn Gone
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For a day or so the corn remains, getting looser and looser and without a twinge from it. Then, it gets so loose that you just lift it right off, without even feeling it, and cast it away. That's how easily and simply "Gets-It" disposes of the corn nuisance.

"Gets-It," the unfailing, guaranteed, moneyback corn remover, costs but a trifle at any drug store. Mf'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

Trouble Enough.

(Continued From Page 14.)

not; and I really did wish Dick wouldn't be so daring.

After that I never felt sure which one, Dick or Great Scott, would walk out of that room in the morning, Rags faithfully trotting at his heels. Rags loved them both. He would have been very lonely with just us women folk, poor old Rags.

But Young Dick was Wild Dick all right. It hadn't done him any good, hanging around in hiding. His frequent visits home disturbed us all, particularly they disturbed Cousin Christine, who had not yet gone off to the sea.

"I cannot take any kind of journey until I am stronger," she said. "Oh, yes, I know, Fanny, they'd ship me off to a watering place and nobody would care if I ever came back. That is the way of it: you bear them and nurse them and you'd die for them, and they'd ship you off to the sea and wouldn't care a jot if you never came back. They'd think: 'She's old and it's time she was out of the way.'"

"I don't know who 'they' is," said Fanny.

"Well, my boy, then," said Cousin Christine. "And it isn't his mother brings him here so often, rushing into danger it's somebody younger and better-looking than his mother. 'Tis the way of the world. I wish, Fanny, that you'd tell him I'd rather he'd keep away for a time—until everything blows over. I wonder if it ever will blow over? I wonder what will happen next? What does Dick do with the other one when he wears his clothes and sleeps in his bed? Mary Alice is feeling the strain, too; she's getting thin. Tell him, Fanny, that if he keeps on coming, popping on us morning, noon or night, that Mary Alice will get sick again and lose her looks. Why didn't she go abroad with her guardian and send for Dick? I'd have given him the money to go. He'd be safer in the South of France than darting in on us here at Trouble Enough."

"I don't know how long mortals can stand suspense," said Fanny, creeping into my room one night. "I know that there business of the will pretty near finished me. I know I'm under the eye of the law, but it don't bother me like the other. I'd like to end it all. I wonder if they'd believe me if I was to stand up and tell the court that I done it?"

"No," I said emphatically, "they wouldn't."

"How do you know, Miss Mary Alice, that I didn't do it?" She seated herself rigidly in a chair and stared at me. I was kimono clad and deep in the comfort of a rocking chair.

"You couldn't," I answered.

"Did I have any reason to like your Cousin Dick?"

"You don't have to like a man in order to keep from killing him," I said.

"ONCE, when I was 15 years old," said Fanny, speaking slowly and with emphasis, "I thought I couldn't kill a chicken. My mother said I had to learn, that poor people couldn't be actin' like grand ladies. She put the chicken in my hand and held out the ax to me. It meant I killed the chicken or got a beating. I was 15 years old and I'd do anything before I'd put myself in the way of a beating. I was too old for it. I'd have left home and gone to the bad, I guess, if I'd got it. Maybe I knowed that, and we were decent people. So I killed the chicken, and mother laughed at me.

"Now, you see," she said, "if you make up your mind to do a thing, you can do it. I was proud of having killed that chicken and was ready any time to kill another.

"There was an old stray cat come to our house—you get me? The creature was so thin and flea-bitten, Miss Mary Alice, that it would have been a charity to take it to the chopping block and cut its head off; but I had a sneaking liking for anything that was a stray or anything that was sick, and I was feedin' it on the sly and trying to get it to look like some cat. But mother caught it eating a young chicken, and that was doom's day for poor puss.

"'You know how to kill a chicken, Fanny,' she said; 'let's see what sort o' fist you make at killin' a cat.'"

"'What cat?' I faltered.

"'Old Stray,' said she; 'he's into the chickens; I seen him with one in his mouth.'

"Miss Mary Alice, I took old Stray out and beheaded him—and after that I felt as if I could kill a cow."

I regarded Fanny pensively. It was a hard story she had told me, a story that belonged to the poor and the lowly.

"But you wouldn't do it now, Fanny," I objected.

"If you make up your mind to do a thing, you can do it," said Fanny.

"I loved the boy," she went on, as if conning a lesson; "I was like a second mother to him, sometimes I was first. I wilfully and with malice aforethought"—she had picked up the terms of the law—"destroyed a paper, a will, 'a last will and testament,' it called itself, because in that paper or will or last will and testament the boy was disinherited. I am to be tried for it, I believe. I think it is called a 'count.' It's one count on me. Somebody killed Mr. Joe thinking he was Mr. Dick, the father of the disinherited boy if the will had existed. The person who committed the murder was unmolested by the dog, Rags, who slept beside his supposed master's bed. Why couldn't that person be me?"

"Fanny, hush your crazy talk," I cried.

"That crazy talk, Miss Mary Alice," said Fanny. "[illegible] couldn't it [illegible] been me? I killed a chicken and I killed a cat and I loved the cat."

"You didn't kill a man, Fanny," I declared.

"Rags let that person pick up the pistol and shoot—and he wasn't the man who made the unjust will."

Her rigidity was all gone, her quivering hands covered her face, her form shook with sobs.

Then—O, my God, whether she had or had not committed the murder—like a decrepit old woman she got up and left the room, grabbing at chair backs to steady herself, to keep herself from falling—poor, poor Fanny!

THE next time I talked with Young Dick we were crunching the snow under our feet in the woods. He wasn't in a light-hearted mood. He had [illegible] with his mother, and poor Cousin Christine had made him miserable.

"I guess I'll come a few more times," he said, "even if none of you want me."

"We want you, but we are afraid Dick," I said. "And since you've gone to chasing the detective out of the house at night—— He's strong, too, Dick. We don't know when the thing will end—or how. Suppose while you are personating Harry Scott the high sheriff would ride in to see you on business?"

"Oh, I'd carry that off all right," said [illegible]

"I'm tired letting him out of the cave," I said.

"Look here," said Dick, and faced me, his eyes glowing into mine. "I came this time to talk to you on a very serious matter."

"You did?" I said. "Then why don't you do it?"

"Can't you let a poor dog take his time?" questioned Dick. "Here I am, a hunted man, living a lonely life, turning up at my own home for short visits and not wanted by either my mother or the girl I love."

"I thought you were going to talk to me about a very important matter, Dick," I said. "I've heard all that before, more than once—and it isn't true, the way you put it. But we do live in terror here at Trouble Enough, thinking of what might happen if you were caught. I don't believe you would enjoy yourself a bit if the high sheriff came riding in to see you."

"Tell me some more," said Dick.

"No," I said, my voice softening, "you tell me the important business."

"It's about Tom."

"What of him?"

"He's working hard, trying to unearth my father, not because he's my father or his uncle, but because he's your Cousin Dick."

"Well, I'm sure I appreciate it."

"He'll want more than your appreciation if he finds him."

"Oh, I hope he finds him!" I cried. "That might be a beginning of the unraveling of this plot."

"Well, if the thing comes about, Tom is going to ask a girl I know—one whose head would be resting on my shoulder only she's a little out with me for not staying away."

"Going to ask her what?" I demanded.

"I think you know."

"I do not!"

"Your eyes tell me that you do."

My eyes looked down, my cheeks flamed.

"He has a right to do it, little brown girl," said Dick, steadily, "and I want

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Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author says: "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard looking women patients. Lack of iron in the blood may often transform a beautiful sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable—one who makes life a burden to herself, unbearable for her husband, and disagreeable for her children. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

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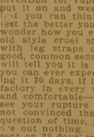

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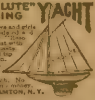
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to tell you here and now that he's the better man of the two."

"What two?"

"You little minx!"

"And this is important business—this stuff?"

"The kind of life I'm living," said Dick, unsteadily this time, "it—it isn't the life to keep a man straight. Now Tom's O. K. He's doing well in business. I hear he's eloquent, tho I never would have thought it."

"I've never seen any of it," I said.

"So you're not going to fly away with our Cousin Tom?"

"No."

"Good for you," said Young Dick; "you're mine yet awhile. But if anything happens to me, Mary Alice, if I should disappear, say, or be disgraced in any way, why Tom's all right. Don't turn him down hard. Let him keep on coming."

HE TRIED to laugh but he failed. "Found five gray hairs," he said, and this time managed to laugh.

We crunched out in the snow and climbed the hill from which, it seemed very long ago, he had shown me all over Trouble Enough. There was the smoke rising from the chimneys in the Black Hills—away off in another direction was the limekiln—and there was the mountain that we hadn't climbed. Big and gray and bare was the homestead down below us. "Trouble Enough," said Young Dick, dreamily, "Trouble Enough, Trouble Enough!"

"Trouble Enough and to spare," I said, tears in my eyes and voice.

"And no reason in it all," said Dick

"I guess those people hate me," I said, waving an arm towards the Black Hills."

"Why?"

"Because the Rider boy is in jail."

"Oh, no, they don't," said Dick. "He's getting fat and doesn't have to work in jail. "And the rest of them have a new place to go visiting." "Don't you think he did it, Dick?" I asked.

"No," said Dick

"Then who did?"

"You may search me."

"I think he did it."

"You haven't much mercy on the Black Hills."

"I want the guilty to suffer and the innocent to be let alone. Cousin Dick had a terrible temper—and so had Cousin Joe—and he struck the Rider boy, and——"

"Isn't it said of me that I have a terrible temper?" interrupted Young Dick. I know I have. Didn't my father do more to me than strike me? Didn't my supposed father do more to me than strike me?"

"Everybody said Ben Rider would get even."

"Didn't my supposed father kick Silly Billy? Did you ever know an idiot that didn't have an awful temper, Mary Alice. . . . My mother has an awful temper," he said after a little.

I turned my eyes to the mountain. "She used to think it reached to Heaven," I said. "I wish we could stand on the top of it and be happy."

We crunched the snow and crunched it; we walked miles and miles. We felt the cold wind in our faces and did not mind. He was only coming a few more times to Trouble Enough.

"Speaking of Tom," he said, "I hear that he's making lots of money."

"I have lots of money," I murmured.

He did not know how much.

"You're spending it pretty fast, little brown girl," he said. "Say, why don't you stop it?"

"If you don't spend it, what good is it?" I asked.

"You need somebody to take care of you, Mary Alice, and that's a fact. Why can't we fly?"

"We can when Barkis is willin'."

Poor Barkis tried to laugh, and again he failed.

That night I let the prisoner out of the cave and ran home. I had a new path. It had been a wretched day. The poor boy was so lonely and so miserable, and he said that a man living that kind of life found it difficult to keep straight.

I was crying in my big rocking-chair when Fanny came in. She had no words of comfort.

"He oughtn't to have come so often—it'll be better for him to keep away altogether, but it's a pity he takes it so hard," she said. "Didn't you cheer him up a bit before you parted, Miss Mary Alice?" But her tone was hopeless, for if I had, why would I be crying like that?

"I do not understand anything, Fanny," I said. "I would like to know why I was born."

"That would be understanding a whole lot, miss," said Fanny learnedly.

"Oh, where is Cousin Dick?" I cried.

"He wouldn't do no good if he was here," cried Fanny; "jest raise Cain about the will and turn me out'n the house."

"O, Fanny!

"And strike and kick people like they was dogs," said Fanny.

"That was Cousin Joe, Fanny," I protested.

"He'd a done it, too," said Fanny, "if he got the chance."

"Fanny, you did hate him?"

"I did and I do," said Fanny.

"When people are murdered and put into trunks and things, they always find out who committed the crimes," I went on complacently. "I don't see why they can't solve the mystery of Trouble Enough's murder."

"Maybe the young man has done solved it," said Fanny; "he's lookin' at me mighty queer."

"I suppose you told him you killed a chicken when you were 15?" I sneered, "and that you beheaded a cat?"

"He's watchin' me very close," said Fanny.

In the next issue Trouble Enough is hurled into a breath-taking, inexplicable, astounding mystery which pales the first problem in contrast. If you had any theories about the murderer they will all be swept away and you will be left gasping, "What can be the solution?"

* * *

Over the 'Phone.

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"Won't you please come?"

"—— ——"

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"—— ——"

"Oh, I don't know what I shall ever do without you! Can't you possibly come? I need you so!"

"—— ——"

"Oh, I think it's just terrible having to wait so. Tell me! Is there anybody else?"

"—— ——"

"Oh, I was sure of it. I knew there must be without asking you."

"—— ——"

"If you only would come to me! Won't you, please? If you only could be made to realize the distress I am in——"

[Editor's Note.—The above is not a conversation between a discarded girl and the brute of a man she loves. It is merely one side of a telephone chat between a housekeeper and the nearest plumber, during a severe cold snap.]—Life.

* * *

Frowns of Fortune.

IT WAS in the Argonne. A regiment of negro pioneers from Dixie who had been inducted into the service had just received a batch of mail. But neither Jefferson Madison Monroe nor his particular side kick, Washington Jones, was manifesting any great elation. In fact, they both looked decidedly in the dumps.

"Wash," mourned Jefferson, "I's the hard luckin'est nigger what ever was. I done just got a letter from mah gal, and she's gone and went and married another."

"Oh, man, man!" wailed Wash. "You don't know what hard luck am. Me, I just got a letter from the draf' board what says I'm exempt!"

* * *

Naturally.

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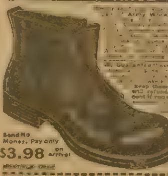
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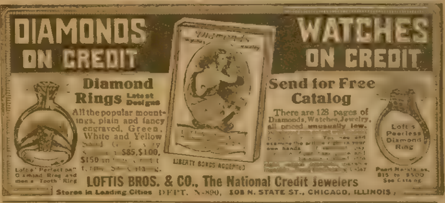
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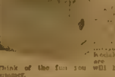

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For Ledger Boys and Girls

Oranges.

OUTSIDE the snow lay thick upon the ground and the wind whistled around the eaves, but inside the fire crackled merrily and under the reading lamp a bowlful of oranges, round and yellow, smiled like so many little shining suns and invited Jamie to partake of their sweetness.

"My, these oranges are good, grandma," said the little boy, pulling off the fragrant peeling. "Where did they come from?"

"Probably from Florida or California where it is nice and warm most of the time," said his grandma looking up from her knitting. "Let's see—are they navel oranges?"

Jamie held one up for her to see.

"Yes, they are navels. Then they came from California, most likely for most of the Florida oranges have seeds in them."

"What is a navel orange, grandma?" Jamie asked.

His grandma picked up an orange. "Do you see that little cluster of skin at the end? Sometimes inside of that is another tiny little orange. And then navel oranges never have any seeds."

"How'd that happen? Did some smart man make them grow that way?"

"No, they grow that way naturally."

"How do new orange trees grow if there aren't any seeds to plant?" the little boy wanted to know.

"They are budded or grafted," said his grandma.

"What does that mean?" Jamie asked.

"A small piece with buds on it is cut from a tree that is bearing oranges, and set in the wood of a tree which has become too old to bear any more fruit. It is tied securely into the slit bark of the old tree, and after a while it begins to grow and makes a fine young tree."

"Don't any oranges grow from seeds?" asked Jamie.

"Oh, yes, but the best trees are made by budding. If you plant several orange seeds in a flower pot and keep them nice and warm and give them plenty of water, you can raise a little orange tree yourself—a seedling, but it won't grow very large."

"How big are regular orange trees?"

"About as high as this ceiling. The leaves are always green, and there are blossoms, green fruit and ripe fruit on the trees all at the same time."

"How funny! How long does it take for oranges to get ripe?" Jamie asked.

"About a year, but there are usually three crops a year, and the trees keep right on blossoming all the time."

"Do the trees grow in orchards?" the little boy asked.

"Yes, they are set out in rows, with ditches containing water between them."

"Water? What for?"

"The countries where the oranges grow have what they call dry seasons [illegible] isn't any rain, so the trees [illegible] watered and this is done by the ditches—irrigation ditches, they are called," explained his grandma.

"How many oranges grow on one tree?" asked Jamie.

"Anyway from 250 to 400 a year in California, altho in more tropical countries there are more than that on one tree."

"One time I had an orange that was red inside. What kind of an orange was that?" Jamie wanted to know.

"That was a blood orange," said his grandma.

"Are there many kinds of oranges, grandma?"

"Over a hundred different varieties. Did you ever eat a tangerine?"

"I always call tangerines kid glove oranges. Why do people call them that?" asked Jamie.

"I suppose it is because they are so easy to peel and eat that you could do it without soiling your gloves."

"I wonder if I could!" laughed Jamie. "But what makes some oranges kind of brown, grandma? Is that another kind?"

"They are called russet oranges," replied his grandma, "but they are not [illegible]al variety. You could never guess what makes them brown."

"What [illegible], grandma?"

A tiny insect bores into the skin and lets the oil escape. It doesn't hurt the fruit any, for it doesn't touch the pulp, but it certainly does ruin their pretty yellow dresses."

How Jamie laughed!

"Years ago when I was a little girl," his grandma went on, "we thought an orange was the most wonderful thing! My father would bring home one orange, for which he had paid a dollar, and he [illegible]fully peel it with his penknife, while we children all stood around, and then he would give us each just one section."

"What made them so expensive?" asked Jamie.

Well, only a few were shipped here, because the orange growers did not know how to pack them so they wouldn't rot. They have to be handled very carefully. Each orange is picked by hand and put into a bag or basket. The pickers and packers must have their finger nails cut very short, for the slightest prick in the skin causes the orange to decay. And they must not be bruised either. After they are picked they are set aside for a few days to rest—curing, that is called, then they are sorted."

"How are they sorted?" Jamie wanted to know.

"Sometimes by hand, but usually by machines which have different-sized round holes thru which the oranges drop as they run down an incline—the little ones in the little holes and the big ones in the larger holes. After they are sorted they are all washed with soft brushes and shined. Then they are packed in boxes, the finest ones wrapped separately in tissue paper, and sent away to the markets."

"Do other countries raise oranges?" Jamie asked.

"Oh, yes, most of the warm countries, many others."

Did oranges always grow in America?" asked Jamie.

"No, they were probably brought here by the Spaniards, monks, who came up from Lower California, which is Mexico, you know. The Indians drove them out of that country and they came up here and built missions to convert the Indians here. Around the missions they planted beautiful gardens of all kinds of fruits and flowers. That was three or four hundred years ago, and probably most of our orange trees are descendants of the trees the monks planted. When I was in California I saw a tree that was said to be several hundred years old."

"Well," said Jamie, reaching for another orange, "I'm certainly glad they brought orange trees with them. My, but these oranges are good!"

❧

A Funny Mistake.

JOHN MACDONALD left Scotland for the United States when he was 16 years of age, leaving behind him a small brother aged 6. After ten years John sent for his brother to come to America, and wrote to him various instructions concerning the journey. One of his admonitions was, "Do not speak to any strangers when you arrive in New York. I will meet you, but do not speak to any one else." Well, the brother arrived in New York on the Fourth of July. He was accosted by a strange man who told him that his brother was ill and had sent him to meet him. "We shall take a bus," said the man. "No we won't," answered the youth. Finally after much persuasion he induced him to have lunch. During the meal the brother intently watched to see if the food was doped. When the stranger went to the desk to pay for it the brother noticed that in his hat were the letters J. MacD. He thought it rather strange that this man should have the same initials as his brother. Just then the stranger came back to his chair and said, "Welcome, little brother. How did you like my joke?"

■

A Model Boy.

LITTLE EDGAR had been posing for some students at an art school. When evening came, and the portrait was not yet finished, the instructor cautioned him not to change his clothing lest he ruin the color scheme of the picture. Two weeks of undisturbed painting passed and the portrait was at last nearing its perfected state, when the in-

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PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE
Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, rosewood finish nickel base, and popular record, is yours. A real Talking Machine with high-grade reproducer. Plays all size records up to 12 in. Given for selling only 20 large colored Pictures or 20 packages beautiful Post Cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Satisfaction guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 945 CHICAGO

Weak, Run Down Men and Women
get wonderful help by using Dr. Chase Iron, Celery and Sarsaparilla. Rev. Peyton, N. C., writes he feels "like a boy" after taking one bottle of this powerful blood and nerve tonic. $1.00 per bottle or three bottles for $2.[illegible] AGENTS WANTED. DR. CHASE CHEMICAL CO., 25 Chase Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING [illegible]
Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa

350-Shot Repeater FREE Air Rifle

This genuine lever action air rifle is a beauty. The magazine holds 350 air rifle shots. You do not have to load after every shot. Automatic shot retainer. Walnut stock, dull finish. Round tapering barrel, which, with the trigger and lever, has a gun-metal finish. Full size, 31½ inches long.

HOW TO GET IT FREE
If you want this dandy Rifle Free, just send us your name and address today. We will send you, by return mail six Beautiful Reproductions of famous paintings, 16x20 inches, selected from the World's Art Galleries and printed in many colors. Distribute these among your friends in connection with our easy plan, and the Rifle is yours. FREE
W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. J-1,
500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

structor received from the little model's mother the following letter:

"Please, sir, can't you hurry up that there picture you're making? Edgar's underwear needs changing."

* * *

MR. SCARE-HIS-SON SEES A GHOST

MR. THOUGHTLESS SCARE-HIS-SON,
Used to have a lot of fun—
Saying, "Now, my little Thomas,
Will you mind me as you promise?
If your manners are unruly,
I am here to tell you truly,
The garbage man will have to come
And pull you with him by the thumb.

Poor Thomas shivered in his boots
And thought that garbage men were brutes,
Till one day little Mary Smile
Was sitting with him on the stile,
And Thomas told her there and then
Of dreadful, big, black garbage men.

And Mary laughed because she knew
That nothing he believed was true;
That garbage men were good and kind
As any humans you could find.

So Thomas went back home that night
And made himself a perfect fright;
He wrapped up in a great big sheet
And looked a ghost from head to feet.
When Mr. Scare-his-son came in
Tom beat a pan and made a din.

He scared his father most to death,
At least he took away his breath.
How Mr. Scare-his-son did squeal!
It taught him just how scarings feel.
That evening he and Thomas walked away,
And as they walked they talked most gay,
And both decided they would never
Scare each other, ever, ever.
And Thomas minds now dutifully
And does his lessons beautifully.

* * *

Sharp Eyes.

BROOMS are common articles today and the broom corn industry is well established. A hundred and fifty years ago only the "well-to-do" people owned brooms and these were imported from England. At that time no broom corn grew in America.

But one day Benjamin Franklin went to call upon a friend and, while he waited, he spied a whisk broom. The visitor was curious. He took the broom and examined it very carefully. As he handled the article, some small object fell upon the floor. What could it be?

Down upon the floor knelt Benjamin. He peered all about him. He searched in every crack and crevice. He persevered until he located a dark shiny something, smaller than an air rifle shot. He rolled it in his hand. It was a seed that some careless workman had left in the whiskbroom.

When Franklin had located another seed in the same broom, he wore a contented smile. For in those moments an idea had been born: and ideas rule the world.

If broom corn could be grown in England why not in the American colonies? If it was profitable there, why not here? Let us produce our own brooms.

Franklin planted the seeds. They grew. Within a few years his own people, the Quakers, of Pennsylvania, were growing the corn and making the brooms.

How many thoughtless persons had seen the seeds in whiskbrooms? Of the thousands, only one was wise enough to turn the discovery over in his mind and formulate a plan and establish an industry.

If we had not had a Franklin to blaze a new path, would we still be using brooms made in another country and shipped across the sea?

Yes, this man kept his eyes open. He knew the value of little things and how to make them big. He did not overlook opportunities.

One day Franklin was walking along Duck Creek, just an ordinary stream, when he glimpsed an old basket that had drifted into the shallows. It remained stationary but something green seemed to be growing out of it.

Benjamin found a pole with which he poked in the mud beneath the basket. After a few minutes he fished it out of the stream. Then he saw that the basket had actually sprouted, that the willows of which it was made had put forth yellow-green shoots.

This article was also an English product. Franklin tore the basket apart and gave the sprouts to a friend. The willows grew, and the basket industry was established in America.

* * *

He Knew.

VIRGINIA mentioned the name of one of her schoolmates and said he was as "silent as the Sphinx."

"The Sphinx! The Sphinx!" exclaimed Paul, her young brother. "Oh, gee! I know what a sphinx is! It's one of those things that grows in Egypt and looks like George Washington."

* * *

Wrong Idea.

"DON'T you think you are a little slovenly in your dress, little boy?"

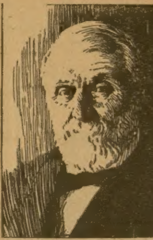
"Dis ain't a dress. Dem's pants!"

Old Folks!

Test This Wonderful Laxative With a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

The many elderly people in all parts of the country who use Syrup Pepsin know it does not lose its good effect.

I will send you a trial bottle free. What is your address?



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
As I am today, aged 81 years

ELDERLY people know out of the ripeness of their experience that constipation makes them dull and gloomy, that it brings on headaches and backaches and a train of other ills. I know it too, because I have been a practicing physician since 1875 and am myself in my 82nd year.

Let every elderly man and woman subject to constipation write me for a free trial bottle of what druggists call Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It will prove to you that there is such a thing as a mild, gentle laxative free from griping. Use it as required and it will soon train the stomach and bowel muscles to do their work naturally. Use it often and you will find it does not lose its good effect by continuous use, as so many laxatives and physics do. The free trial bottle will be amply sufficient to prove all this to you, and it is yours for the asking.

I have been personally writing this prescription for 45 years, and since 1892 druggists everywhere have been selling it under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You can buy a five-ounce bottle at the nearest drug store, and as a spoonful is a dose, a bottle is economical and long-lasting. The formula is based on a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin. The herbs, including the well-known Egyptian Senna, relieves the constipation and accompanying ills, and the pepsin acts on the digestive organs. It will relieve chronic constipation quickly. It will stop a cold or a fever and thereby prevent influenza and grippe. You are safe in giving it to the tiniest baby. Millions of mothers do.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of this fine medicine without obligation or charge. Just fill out the coupon and send it to me. Take a teaspoonful, give some to other members of the family who are constipated. I know that the results will be such that you will buy a bottle of your druggist and never afterwards be without a bottle in your house.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY

Dr. W. B. Caldwell,
560 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

Kindly send me a free trial bottle of your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, all charges prepaid. The address is:

Name____________________

Street____________________

City________________ State__________

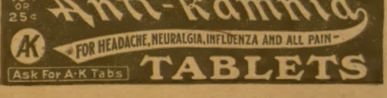
Please write carefully. Send a postal or letter if you prefer.

A Spring Tonic

Medicinal Native Plants that hold the secret of life and death—By Lee H. Smith, M. D.

A man is seldom healthy and strong who lives in the dark or in sunless rooms. After all, Nature's ways are found to be the best. Nature's remedies are always best for eradicating disease, and by this we mean a medicine made of plants and herbs.

Dr. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., in many years of extensive practice, found that he could pin his faith to an alterative extract of certain plants and roots for the eradication of blood diseases. This he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Containing no alcohol nor narcotics, entirely vegetable, this "Discovery" makes for rich red blood and is a powerful tissue-builder; gives the tired business man or woman renewed strength and health. Rapidly growing school-girls and boys often show impoverished blood by the pimples or boils which appear on face or neck. To eradicate the poisons from the blood, and feed the heart, lungs and stomach on pure blood, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you "put your house in order" by making the blood pure you will not be subject to such troubles. The spring of the year is the best time to "clean house" because of the toxins (poisons) stored up within the body during the long winter. This "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's is just the thing for those who are recovering from attacks of colds, flu, or pneumonia. It has been sold for over fifty years and can be had in every drug store in the land in tablets or liquid. Send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.


10¢ OR 25¢
Anti-kamnia
AK
FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN
TABLETS
Ask For A-K Tabs

Pile Sufferers

Don't Wait Another Minute Before Sending For a Free Trial of My New Home Treatment That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. New and Different From Anything You Have Ever Tried.

Let Me Prove That It Will Quickly Rid You of Pile Suffering.

TRIAL FREE.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my treatment is just what you need.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one safe, best treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply send your name and address to E. R. Page, 382 G, Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.—but do this now—TODAY.

7-Piece Silver Mounted Crystal Water Set FREE

Set consists of six one-half pint tumblers and a 2-pint pitcher. Around the top of every piece is a Sterling Silver edge. On the side a Sterling Silver wreath with your initial inside it in Silver. Just the thing for your sideboard. Think of the distinction of having your own initial on your Water Set.

How to Get It FREE

If you want this Beautiful Water Set Free, just send us your name and address and initial you want on the Water Set today. We will send you by return mail eight Beautiful Reproductions of famous paintings, 16x20 inches, selected from the World's Art Galleries and printed in many colors. Distribute these among your friends in connection with our easy plan, and the Water Set is yours, FREE.

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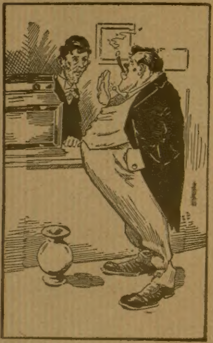
HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

Laying Down the Law.



The Boss—"Your face looks like a tramp's. Why don't you shave?"

The Cashier—"My wife thought I'd look better with a full beard, so I'm letting it sprout."

The Boss—"'Sall right. I don't mind your letting your beard grow, but you mustn't do it during business hours."

His First King.

One of the Treasury officials who helped put over the Liberty Loan campaigns and his colored man servant George, were coming thru Rock Creek Park recently and they met King Albert of Belgium taking a constitutional afoot. The trio stopped and chatted for a few minutes and the King shook hands with George the same as he did with the official.

After the King had passed on the official turned to George and asked him what he thought of his majesty.

"Man alive," George said, "dat am the first king I ever saw outside of a deck."

His Mother English.

The other day an Indiana city school superintendent promoted a grade teacher to the English department in the high school. He was discussing the work with her when she suddenly said:

"Oh, Mr. ——, it's going to be so hard for me. You see I've always used so much slang, and now when I teach English I won't dare use any more."

"Slang!" ejaculated that superintendent. "Well, believe me, Alice, you'll have to cut that out now."

Another Reconciliation Due.

"The Glippings will probably have dinner at a high-priced restaurant this evening and then attend the theater."

"What makes you think so?"

"Mr. Glipping left the house in a huff this morning, vowing he was going to see his lawyer about a divorce, and Mrs. Glipping called out after him that he couldn't do that too soon to suit her."

Now, What Did She Mean?

A busy business woman had engaged outside help to wash and clean up house. As they entered the kitchen on arrival of the help, who had been recommended as a jewel, the mistress said:

"This kitchen's in an awful state, Mary. I—"

"Never mind, missey; I'se used to white folks."

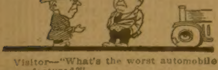
Wicked Sheep.

The captain had ordered his men not to forage. That night he met a corporal coming in with a sheep over his shoulder.

"Forget what I said this morning, Corporal?"

"Well—well, no, Captain, but no blamed sheep can bite me and get away with it."

A Wise Man



Visitor—"What's the worst automobile manufactured?"

Salesman—"Why do you ask?"

Visitor—"I want to buy one, just to feel sure I'm not getting stuck!"

Red Tape Forever.

A London newspaper says that a recently exchanged soldier, who had unpleasant memories of his military experience, took the first opportunity after resuming his civilian clothes to write to his former colonel:

"Sir: After what I suffered for the last two years, it gives me much pleasure to tell you and the Army to go to ——," a place to which only the wicked are consigned.

In due course he got this reply:

"Sir: Any suggestions or inquiries concerning the movement of troops must be entered on Army form 2132, a copy of which I inclose."

Eligible.

A Great Bend father has a young son of fighting tendencies. The father endeavored to impress upon his mind that he must not fight any one younger than himself. The boy met a strange boy later, and this conversation took place:

"Hello! How old are you?"

"Six years."

"I'm 6 too—wanta fight?"

He Knew Her.

"I shall complain to the floorwalker about you," said the irate shopper.

"I have no doubt he will agree with everything you say," answered the saleslady, wearily.

"Ah! Then he is acquainted with your shortcomings?"

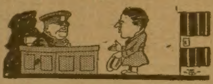
"He thinks he is. He's my husband."

Anatomically False.

A news item from Waterbury, Conn., arouses Pang to bitter language. The story says that "the fish have taken to creeping thru the plumbing of the city, and come thru the water faucets."

"Creeping" is the word Pang objects to. "On their hands and knees, of course!" he sneers.

A Puzzled Husband.



Mr. Hicks, who belongs to several clubs, walked into the police station.

"I hear," he said to the officer at the desk, "that you have caught the burglar who broke into my home a few nights ago."

"Yes," replied the officer. "Do you want to see him?"

"Well, I'd like to ask him how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years."

Worth Sticking For.

"I don't see why you stick to Dr. Torpor's church," chattered Mrs. Pflippe. "He's such a poky old preacher."

"He's just that," agreed her friend, Mrs. Fortysome, "but then, you know, the light from that rose window shines right over my pew and makes me look not more than 20 years old."

To Show Her.

"Young Jobbles has bought a rakish roadster. It's spite work, I fear."

"How so?"

"The money spent for that car was intended for a bungalow. Young Jobbles wants to show the girl in the case that he has no intention of proposing a second time."

So Sweet of Him.

Maud—"Miss Oldum thinks that hotel clerk just lovely."

Ethel—"Why so?"

Maud—"He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register, 'Suite 16.'"

Cutting Remarks.

Mrs. Gabbins—"You can't deceive me, John. I'm sharp, you know—sharp as a knife."

Husband—"It's a table knife you resemble most, you never shutup."

Strong Methods.

"How did Biggins get to be so relentless a musical critic?"

"By listening attentively to all the things musicians say about one another."

A Safe Move.

"I should hate to have a husband who argued. I shall try to marry a lawyer."

"Why, lawyers are the very men who argue."

"But not without a fee."

Hefty.

"My, what a sad song!"

"Sad is right—I believe it would move a piano."

Brain Teasers.

Anagram.

272—My first is in fruit, but not in vegetable.

My second is in vegetable, but not in fruit.

My third is in Vivian, but not in Edna.

My fourth is in Edna, but not in Vivian.

My fifth is in Ruth, but not in Violet.

My whole is a high temperature.

Six Word Square.

273—1. Frozen moisture in plural form.
2. A bird.
3. The whole.
4. A puzzle.
5. Named.
6. Not excited.

Transpositions.

274—Example: Transpose the hair on the neck of a horse and make a title. Answer, mane, name.

1. Transpose a piece of glass and make part of the neck. 2. Transpose an emblem of authority and make the highest point. 3. Transpose tardy and make a Chinese coin. 4. Transpose a feminine name and make to cure. 5. Transpose a certain fish and make a female relative. 6. Transpose a sound and make a short letter. 7. Transpose lateral and make certain days in the Roman calendar. 8. Transpose at hand and make to acquire by labor. 9. Transpose a kind of cabbage and make a body of water. 10. Transpose a small animal and make to perceive by the ear. 11. Transpose a feminine name and make a large body of men. 12. Transpose the feet of an animal having claws and make a stinging insect.

Great Pens.

275—1—What pen in money?
2—What pen is a legal punishment?
3—What pen is the first five books of the Bible?
4—What pen is an aromatic herb?
5—What pen is almost an island?
6—What pen is an ancient musical instrument with five strings.
7—What pen is a marine bird?
8—What pen is given for past services?
9—What pen is a house of correction?
10—What pen is sad?
11—What pen is miserly?
12—What pen is without money?
13—What pen is a Jewish festival?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

268. Charade.

Nightingale.

269. Cross Word Enigma.

Taxidermist.

270. Floral Fractions.

1. GE-neral, RAN-k, I-taly, UM-ber, Geranium. 2. HY-ena, AC-quire, INT-repid, H-ummock, Haycinth. 3. CONV-alescent, OL-ive, VUL-ture, US-e, Convolvulus.

271. Four Word Square.

A L U M
L I N E
U N I T
M E T A

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Mere Oversight.

"Why, Johnnie, you've got a lump on your head. Have you been fighting again?"

"Fightin'? Not me!"

"But somebody struck you?"

"Nobody struck me. I wasn't fightin' at all. It was an accident."

"An accident."

"Yes. I was sitting on top of Tommy Scanlan, and I forgot to hold his feet."

Cynicus Knew Women.

"Alas!" sighed young Callow, "if only Eve hadn't been so fond of apples."

"My dear boy," said Cynicus, "Eve wasn't so very fond of apples, but that was the only forbidden fruit."

The Appearance of Wisdom.

"Do you keep a-smiling?"

"Naw," said Senator Spug, "there's nothing in that stuff as regards political life. I owe my success to a portentious frown."

Taking No Chance.

Lodging-house Porter—"If he kicked you, why didn't you kick him back?"

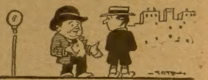
Sixpenny Bed—"Wot! Then it would 'ave been his turn again!"

A Lawyer Can.

Tailor—"If you don't settle for those trousers, I'll bring suit."

Owens—"But you can't make a suit out of a pair of trousers."

Taking No Chances.



Gibbs—"So you went after the job. I thought you believed that the office should seek the man."

Dibbs—"I do, but this is a fat job and I thought it might get winded before it reached me."

Ups and Downs.

A new looey entered the Pullman painfully proud of his shiny gold bars. With the prospect of a fat tip in view, the porter proceeded to effect a liaison.

"Mo'nin', captain." And a few minutes later: "Find it too warm in here, majah?" In a short time he volunteered: "We's a speck late today, kunnel." Then, as the looey made ready to leave: "Brush yo' coat off for you, general?"

Three minutes afterward he was inspecting the 10-cent tip. With a bellow that could be heard thruout the station, he shouted at the disappearing officer: "Good-by, corporal."

Ye Unfortunate Ed.

"A magazine editor must lead a somewhat gloomy life," declared the poet, as he opened some returned manuscript.

"Why so?" asked his friend.

"All he seems to do is to express his regrets."

Logical.

She—"But I thought this place was always crowded."

He—"It usually is between seven and eight, but I believe in coming late to avoid the rush that comes early to avoid the rush."

Couldn't Fool the Children.

Trustee—"We're thinking of putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would 'Knowledge is wealth' do?"

Teacher—"Not at all. The children know what my salary is."

The Professional View of It.

"Don't you want a presidential boom?"

"I'm not particular," said Senator Sorghum. "At this stage of proceedings a presidential boom comes about as near being a tangible asset as a happy New Year greeting."

Diminished Waist Lines.

Commented Mr. Pester over the top of his evening paper: "The Germans don't appear to be as bellicose as they were."

"I'm not surprised," said his wife. "Their starvation diet must have reduced them a lot."

Worse!

"And when I kissed her, I smelled tobacco on her lips."

"You object to kissing a woman who smokes?"

"No, but she doesn't smoke."

Unqualified Success.

"I've written a grand opera."

"Do you think it will be a success?"

"It ought to be. Practically all of it is jazz music."

Bound to Come.

"Something new."

"Eh?"

"A musical novelty."

"A jazz opera written entirely for saxophones."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

DON'T LET KIDNEY TROUBLE SCARE you. Do you have pains in the back? Kidney and bladder trouble is treacherous, don't wait, use Ed's Kidney Pills, at your druggists or mailed with directions, 50c. Andula Medicine Company, Troy, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone, tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information--The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALEMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 103, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS — SELL WHAT PEOPLE NEED. Ho-Ro-Co products are in daily demand; toilet articles, soap and household necessities. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Profits from 100 to 140 per cent. We help you build a permanent profitable business. Free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co line is well known and firmly established. Exclusive territory; our agents become independent; active selling helps and genuine cooperation given all agents. Write for particulars. Ho-Ro-Co, 125 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-156, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address, Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 704.

MAKE $30.00 NEXT SATURDAY. SPEEDerator for Fords selling like wildfire. Used by Ford Motor officials. Makes any Ford run like a Packard. Stops stalling and bucking. Put on quick—instant satisfaction. No holes to bore. Sell ten to twelve a day easy. Splendid profits and exclusive territory. Write quick for information. Address Perrin Company, 1061 Hayward Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

OUR MEN EARN $150 TO $500 PER MONTH selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested; a sure money maker, endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood and Underwood, Inc., Dept. B.B., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

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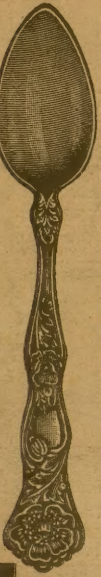

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